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The American Girl

AUGUST

For All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts

1945



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THE AMERICAN GIRL

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

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ANNE STODDARD, *Editor*
PRISCILLA A. SLADE, *Managing Editor*
ERIC SHUMWAY, *Business Manager*

MARJORIE CINTA, *Editorial Assistant*
MARY REARDON, *Editorial Assistant*
MARGARET MORAN, *Advertising Representative*

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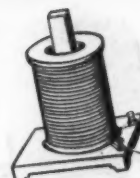
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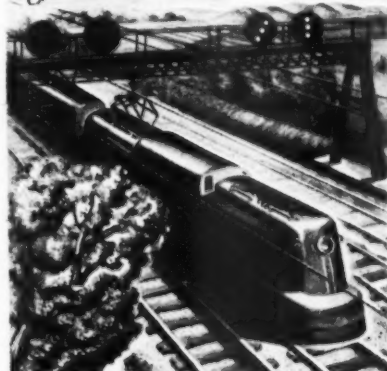
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Ruth Nichols checking the course set for one of her record-breaking flights

THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

ANNE STODDARD • EDITOR

AUGUST • 1945

RUTH NICHOLS, *Great Lady of the Air*

By SALLY KNAPP



RUTH NICHOLS, EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR OF RELIEF WINGS, INC., IN AN AIR AMBULANCE PLANE WHICH SHE PILOTS

The story of a woman who has twenty-eight aviation "firsts" to her credit, and who founded "Relief Wings, Inc.," to prove that aviation has a heart

HERE she comes now!" one of the girls shouted, and several hundred pairs of undergraduate eyes searched the sky to the east behind the college science building. A silver wing flashed in the sunlight as the graceful plane made a final turn and glided in a long straight path to a smooth landing in the middle of our campus.

The engine's roar ceased suddenly as the trim ship rolled to a stop fifty yards from where we stood. The door opened and a smiling, gray-eyed woman in smart sports clothes stepped out, waving us a gay "hello." In honor of Adelphi's new pilot training program, Ruth Nichols, distinguished woman pilot, who had been making aviation history for twenty years, had flown over from her home in Rye, New York, to visit us. Adelphi was the first women's college in the East to be granted a Civilian Pilot Training Program under the Government's plan to train pilots for service to their country in case of war.

When official greetings and photographers had eventually been disposed of, Miss Nichols met with a group of us gathered in the west lounge to hear her speak. She is a convincing talker and we listened attentively as she told us about some ideas she had in the back of her mind for a humanitarian air service which, she said, would give airborne aid in times of civilian disaster and individual emergency.

"Do you realize," she continued earnestly, "that there is not a single twin-motored, specially equipped ambulance plane in this country? We have sent hundreds of thousands of dollars to Great Britain and South America for flying ambulances, but

we have none ourselves."

This was in the autumn of 1939 when the threat of war was coming closer and closer to our shores, and dim-outs and air-raid drills were soon to become a part of America's preparedness.

After her visit to our campus, where the idea of an air ambulance service had its birth, Miss Nichols flew from State to State, using her gifts as a speaker, her knowledge of aviation, and her gracious personality to further this humanitarian cause which, about nine months later, became the organization called Relief Wings, Inc. As time went on, Miss Nichols widened the scope of Relief Wings, and pilots and planes were registered for this emergency service. Doctors and nurses were trained for airborne medical assistance, and flight leaders were advised as to how pri-

ivate planes could be converted for ambulance service in carrying relief to isolated communities.

Today there are chapters of Relief Wings in eleven sections of the country, encompassing thirty-eight States, each eventually to have an ambulance plane complete with trained personnel and medical supplies. "To show that aviation has a heart as well as wings" is more than the avowed purpose of the organization: it symbolizes the career of the pilot who is its founder and director. "I don't know anything in my life that has expressed the interest closest to my heart as much as this organization," Miss Nichols says. "It combines my twenty years' devotion to aviation with constructive work for humanity."

Ruth Nichols has always been a champion of causes; she has never stopped blazing trails. It was record flights that could



LEFT: RUTH NICHOLS, WHO WAS THE FIRST WOMAN AIRLINE PILOT, THE FIRST WOMAN EXECUTIVE OF AN AVIATION CORPORATION, AND THE FIRST AND ONLY WOMAN TO HOLD THREE INTERNATIONAL RECORDS



Acme photographs



ABOVE: THE FIRST PUBLIC APPEARANCE OF RUTH NICHOLS, WHEN SHE WAS JUST ONE YEAR OLD. AT LEFT: THIS PICTURE OF RUTH, SHOWING HER WITH YOUNGER MEMBERS OF HER FAMILY, WAS TAKEN WHEN SHE WAS EIGHT YEARS OLD.

best further the cause of aviation in its infancy, twenty years ago, so she became the greatest record breaker of them all. She probably holds more aviation "firsts" than any woman in the world, twenty-eight in all. First woman airline pilot, first woman executive of an aviation corporation, first and only woman to hold three international records in altitude, speed, and long distance—these are only a few of her many pioneering accomplishments.

From her financier father, versatile sportsman in many fields, Ruth Nichols inherited a love of adventure and the out-of-doors. He encouraged her to try anything new she was interested in, and flying was just one more natural step for a girl who was already a skilled horsewoman and had driven everything from motorcycles to iceboats. From her mother's Quaker ancestry she inherited her seriousness of purpose and the desire to help others that was to color her career. She constantly sought activities that combined her love of adventure and her love for human beings.

As a girl, Ruth had been wanting to fly for a long time, so when she finished boarding school Mr. Nichols arranged, as a graduation present, to have Eddie Stinson, an outstanding American flier of World War I, give his daughter her first airplane ride. Ruth had anticipated a beautiful experience, floating in space high above the blue waters and golden sands of Atlantic City—but it did not turn out that way. They had been up only a short time when Eddie, thinking he would give his passenger an added thrill, looped the loop, pitching Ruth upside-down. She gasped for breath and her neck felt as if it had been snapped in two. A scared, white-faced girl emerged from the plane after that first encounter with the sky.

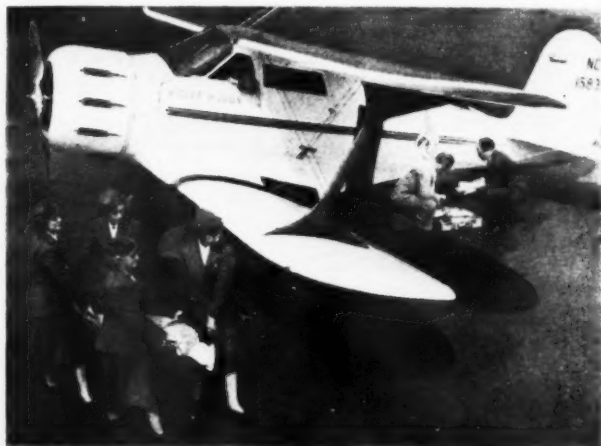
Ruth wasn't used to being afraid and it bothered her. Another girl might have given up flying then and there, but her fear, which she realized was the universal fear of the unknown, only made her more determined to become a pilot. The air had challenged her! She told her father, "Dad, I'm going to learn to fly. I must, because I was scared up there." It is characteristic of Ruth Nichols that she took up flying because she was afraid of it.

But becoming a pilot wasn't quite so simple as that. Mrs. Nichols had other plans for her daughter's future. Now that she had graduated from school, Ruth was expected to make her debut and assume her traditional home and social duties.

But the girl had other ideas. She was determined to go to college and secretly studied for the Wellesley entrance examinations. Mrs. Nichols finally gave in to her strong-willed daughter and soon was as proud of Ruth's success in college work as her father was when she won the All-College Riding Championship.

Despite her busy college life, Ruth never forgot the challenge of the air. She was biding her time until the opportunity to fly should come. At the end of her sophomore year, her father became ill and Ruth, feeling she was needed at home, left Wellesley, vowing to come back and finish work for her degree as soon as she could. While her father was convalescing, she picked

BELOW: A RELIEF WINGS AIR AMBULANCE DEMONSTRATION SHOWING FLIGHT NURSES PRACTICING WITH A STRETCHER





Acme photograph

up seaplane instruction wherever she could—at Palm Beach, on Long Island Sound, wherever the family happened to be. This was done with the utmost secrecy because she did not want to worry her parents, already burdened with illness. Mrs. Nichols apparently didn't notice the grimy hands her daughter brought home after she had been pulling plane engines apart.

These scattered bits of training reached a climax, after about six months, under Captain Harry Rogers, a famous flying-boat pilot who admired the young student's alertness

BELOW: STANDING BESIDE THE PLANE IN WHICH SHE ESTABLISHED THREE OF THE WORLD'S RECORDS FOR WOMEN



and intelligent determination. Early one autumn morning in 1923, Ruth took off on her first solo in Captain Rogers's *Seagull*, from Greenwich, Connecticut. Never had she been so happy as she was that day, taking off and landing the plane by herself. With skill and certainty she had mastered the basic technique of flying, and her initial fear of the sky changed to respect



Acme photograph



Photograph from Keystone View Co. of N.Y.

ABOVE LEFT: TWO OF THE NATION'S FOREMOST WOMEN FLIERS, RUTH NICHOLS AND AMELIA EARHART, AT THE NATIONAL AIR RACES IN LOS ANGELES IN 1935. ABOVE: RUTH NICHOLS AND YA-CHING LEE, FAMOUS WOMAN FLIER OF CHINA, AT THE AIR MANEUVERS IN MIAMI, FLORIDA. LEFT: MISS NICHOLS WITH CLARENCE CHAMBERLIN AS THEY MADE PLANS FOR THEIR RECORD-BREAKING TRANSOCEANIC FLIGHT

After that glorious experience, she couldn't keep quiet any longer. Returning to her home at Rye that morning, she burst in on her family, who were still at breakfast, and announced, "Dad! Mother! I can fly!"

When her father's health improved, Ruth returned to Wellesley to finish work for her degree. After her graduation, the Nichols family went on a trip around the world.

Before she sailed, Ruth took her flight test. She was dismayed when reporters, in every country she visited on her trip, published the fact that she was the first woman in the world to receive a seaplane license. It was true, of course, but she was afraid the newspaper publicity would prejudice her mother even more against her flying activities.

Even so, on her trip she flew whenever possible—once as copilot on a Martin bomber in Honolulu, again at the controls of a French bomber flying across the English Channel, and finally as passenger on a flight from Antibes to Corsica and back. Upon her return to the United States, she made her first solo flight in a landplane at Roosevelt Field, Long Island.

At this point Ruth's flying career came to a temporary halt. Her father's illness had become chronic and necessitated his retirement from the New York Stock Exchange. His conscientious daughter decided to go into business and contribute to the support of the family, so she took a position with the National City Bank. She was not happy in (Continued on page 22)



L·I·M·E·L·I·G·H·T

By CHESLEY KAHMANN

THERE!" said Ann Morehouse. Before her, on her worktable in the arts and crafts room of Glenville High, was the lamp shade, finished at last.

Mary Orton, who sat at the same table, trying to make a cigar box look expensive with paint, a print, and shellac, said, "I'll bet you're glad. You've certainly slaved on it."

Gwen, at a portable loom, added, "You won't tackle another one right away, I imagine."

"You're right," agreed Ann, remembering the many times she had almost given up the task. Here it was, midwinter, and this was the only thing she had done in class, while most of the others had finished several smaller projects. It was made of special parchment, aqua on the outside, white inside; she had bought the parchment in New York, her former home.

It hadn't been any joke cutting it out to fit the frame, the upper edge having to be a perfect circle but smaller than the lower, in just the right proportion. And it had been something, doing that freehand design, simple though it looked. Then, putting the seams together without stretching or soiling had been a nightmare, as had been getting the *passe partout* binding on, around top and bottom.

Ann Morehouse had enthusiasm and she had ideas—but when she tried to put them to work for Glenville High, she found her class divided against her

"And look at this!" Ann said, bobbing down under the table where she had been keeping a certain box for this moment. Proudly she unwrapped the base she had purchased in a Madison Avenue art shop on her last trip to New York. It was one of those new white plaster ones with a squarish bottom and delicately grooved trunk, and she hadn't told a single soul in class about it.

She set the shade upon it.

"Oh, gorgeous, gorgeous!" cried Mary, touching it.

"Adorable!" exclaimed Gwen and Sally, almost in one breath.

Irene said, "You couldn't buy a lamp like that for twenty-five dollars."

"I wouldn't take a thousand for it," said Ann. It was the most precious thing she owned, and it was to set the tone of all the other furnishings in the private sitting room her mother had promised her. Already she'd told Gwen how, when it was finished, she intended to throw it open to all her friends, make a sort of clubroom of it where they could study long winter evenings, or just chat. And maybe she'd have a worktable there, too, and anybody who wanted to could work at arts and crafts, do things out of school, extra. This lamp was to be the center of all that.

Instinctively she glanced over at Dorie West, secretary of the

ANN JUMPED UP. "MAYBE IT SHOULD BE DISCONTINUED, AS LONG AS YOU THINK — WHAT YOU THINK"



Illustrated by
ROBERTA
PAFFLIN

junior class, and the others at her table. Under her skin she valued Dorie's approval more than she would admit, just as the others did. In spite of Dorie's recent coolness.

Dorie had glanced at the lamp and had actually gasped in admiration, but the next moment she was back carving energetically on her leather belt. She spoke not one word of approval.

"That's carrying it too far," thought Ann. "Dorie doesn't have to like me, but—but she needn't pretend I haven't made a good-looking lamp shade."

When Ann had moved to Glenville, Dorie had called on her at once, had invited Ann to her home, and introduced her around. They'd gone back and forth daily, with all the earmarks of a developing best-friend relationship. Dorie was a born leader, with plenty of spunk and imagination, interested in practically every activity afoot, all-round, in fact—someone much like her own self, Ann had thought. For Ann, too, had been a leader when she went to Miss Dean's School in New York.

But about two weeks after school had opened, Dorie had cooled, had begun to look Ann over from top to toe, as if she hadn't seen her well before. It was pretty noticeable, Dorie's not asking her over any more, and even worse when Ann had asked Dorie to her house, and Dorie had been consistently "busy."

It had been a terrific jolt, and at first Ann couldn't figure it out. Gradually, however, she had come to a conclusion that even she almost couldn't believe. She'd blurted it out to Gwen one day, "I guess Dorie doesn't relish so much competition!"

For Ann had thrown herself into one activity after another, realizing that this was her own school now and she must work for it. Her father had bought the charming old house of Dr. Potter, who had been killed in the war, and he had taken over Dr. Potter's medical practice. By virtue of that, Glenville was her home and she had inwardly pledged loyalty to it.

Being so new in town, she hadn't expected an office when the junior class had organized, but she *had* expected to support things. Therefore, she hadn't missed a chance to give constructive suggestions for class projects at junior meetings. And the juniors met often.

Very early Dorie had begun to knock and oppose her—publicly, however, in open meeting. Ann had given her credit for that. Dorie would say she wasn't in favor of this or that suggestion because it wasn't *workable*, and point out that Ann, being so new in town, didn't understand things. That had nipped many a good idea in the bud. Then, of a sudden, Dorie had begun to refer to her as Ann Morehouse from New York, never Ann of Glenville entitled to be one of the crowd.

But Ann's idea of a War Committee to supervise all school

drives such as salvage, Red Cross, anything else that came along, had clicked. Even Dorie had voted for the idea. Ann herself had been made chairman so fast that Dorie hadn't had time to make her usual speech about Ann's being too new in town for the office.

Ann had worked hard. Several times she had lain awake half the night, thinking up a campaign that would put the juniors on the map. But it had been worth it. In circulating absolutely with her plans and organization, she had come to know her fellow classmates far better than she could have otherwise.

But the more she had worked, the cooler Dorie had grown. Once Dorie had remarked, "If you ask me, the War Committee is like an appendix—ever present, but of no use whatsoever."

That had startled some, but Dorie had explained, "As a class we're getting absolutely no credit for war work. Every way we turn, we overlap, or step on some other town group's toes. Who got credit for our collecting paper and other salvage, for instance? The Boy Scouts! We had to turn everything over to them in the end, and Glenville High wasn't even mentioned."

But the War Committee had weathered the gale and Ann had sailed right on with better ideas.

In addition to being secretary, Dorie was chairman of Ways and Means. When Ann's committee had stirred up a moving-picture benefit for the Red Cross, and when it had arranged a pay-at-the-door party for War Relief, Ways and Means had been right there to take over. Money-raising, Dorie had pointed out, came under her committee, so she'd carry on, as a *duty*. That way she had kept a finger in almost every pie that Ann had started to bake.

Yet Gwen had said emphatically that Dorie *didn't* resent Ann's competition, adding loyally, "You don't understand Dorie the way we do." Then she'd tried to change the subject.

But Ann had persisted. What was it, then? she had asked.

Finally Gwen had said, "Look, Dorie's a good sport, cards face up on everything. Everybody knows that. We don't always see eye to eye with her on everything, like the War Committee, but in the main—"

So Ann had known it was hands off Dorie, no matter what. "She's just got a conviction about—something," Gwen had concluded. "One of these days she's going to see she was wrong, Ann, and then she'll bend over backward to make up for it. Look, I know, and a lot of others know you're not—"

"Not what?" Ann had asked, grasping at this clue.

But Gwen had refused to say more. She seemed sorry she had said what she had already.

And now Dorie had carried her resentment to arts and crafts. "And it's pretty low," Ann thought. "If she's so fair, why should she ignore the lamp shade?" It was by far the best-looking thing made in class all year.

Now the girls from other tables were gathering around Ann, with *ohs* and *ahs* of admiration as they examined the finished shade and base. Miss Griswold came, too. Taking the shade from the base, she began her usual finished-project scrutiny. The workmanship was excellent, she said. The simplicity of the shade gave it an expensive look and Ann had certainly used good judgment in selecting that lovely base.

Ann grew taller with the praise, but she saw Dorie look off into space, obviously bored.

"Where will you use it, Ann?" Miss Griswold asked.

"Mother's going to give me a room that opens into my bedroom," said Ann, "and I'm going to make a private sitting room of it, a sort of den, maybe, and—and I can choose the furnishings. I'm going to—"

Dorie bit her lip.

"—I'm going to build everything around the lamp," Ann con-

tinued. "I'd like to hook a rug, next, to harmonize—black background, maybe, with aqua in the design."

Miss Griswold nodded joyfully, and launched into a lecture on harmony, saying that this was what she had worked toward all year; trying to get the girls to see the whole of things as Ann had her sitting room.

As long as Miss Griswold illustrated harmony by Ann's work, Dorie seemed actually pained. Only when the work of others was mentioned did she take part.

"It's just a little too pointed!" thought Ann. "One of these days I'm going to have it out with her."

The short lecture over, Ann took her lamp to the display corner where various articles sat on stair-step shelves. Purses, boxes, a leather telephone-book cover, woven scarves for chests, a belt, a bead bag, and many other things were there. Moving over one of the hooked rug frames, she found a space in the center of things where there was an electric outlet. There she placed the lamp, attached the cord and snapped on the light. Immediately the whole display corner was illuminated like a shop window. The lamp was ten times more beautiful lighted. Miss Griswold said to leave it on for a little while. It not only dressed up the displays in the corner, but cheered the whole room, she said.



When she turned away, she saw that Miss Griswold had gone back to her desk, but most of the girls still lingered around her table, this time with Dorie the unmistakable center of attraction. Dorie was talking excitedly and everyone looked serious.

As Ann approached, Mary Orton said, "Shhh!" so loudly it could be heard all over the room. The girls who didn't belong at the table left for their own places. Gwen settled down to her loom, banging away on it as she'd never banged before, and Mary began to flutter her brush in a paint cup. Irene and Sally, too, settled down to work, but Dorie sat there, fire in her eyes.

"In meeting this afternoon," said Dorie abruptly, "I'm going to move that the War Committee be discontinued."

"What?" gasped Ann. "With the USO campaign just starting?"

Recently the Army had taken over and stationed soldiers in the old CCC camp outside of town. Glenville, alive to local responsibility, had started a campaign for a USO center in the old Stevens Building on Main Street. Ann's committee, therefore,

must rise to the occasion. How it would work she didn't know yet; perhaps collect money for furnishings, or help get up an entertainment. Something would develop. Meanwhile, she had persuaded Willard Thorp, president of the juniors, to call a meeting of the class, a sort of pep meeting in the interest of this new drive. It would be here in the arts and crafts room, right after school, not half an hour away.

"You—you couldn't!" said Ann.

"Until now," said Dorie, "not enough people would have been convinced of what I've known all along. But after your performance just now, there's proof enough. There's one thing Glenville won't stand for, once it realizes it."

Ann looked from one girl to another, for explanation of this vague speech. But Gwen and the others were only wide-eyed, evidently admiring the frankness no one of them would have had.

"We would all work for the war anyhow, see?" Dorie went on. "So I'm going to suggest we dispense with the school War Committee and work individually on the side through town salvage and what-not groups already organized. For efficiency's sake. If we want to contribute to any special cause, let's go back to our old way—rummage sales, or a barn dance, have some fun ourselves and at the same time raise money for war work."

"With Ways and Means in charge, no doubt," Ann snapped.

"Yes," said Dorie, "as has always been the custom! Before you arrived, that is."

"Why don't you come right out with it?" Ann demanded, blazing inside. "Why work up all those excuses for killing the committee? Why not just say it's Ann Morehouse you don't like?"

"I wasn't going to be so blunt," said Dorie, "but you might as well know, I suppose. Everybody else does, after the show you just now put on."

"Show!" said Ann.

"It was dramatic, to say the least, your springing that expensive lamp base on the class that way, making yourself the

limelight all over the place again. All year it's been just one attempt after another to put Ann Morehouse, not the junior class, on the map. It can't keep up forever."

"But that's not true," Ann cried. "I—I—" The strength was going out of her arms and legs. *Limelight.*

"You couldn't possibly feel the way we do about our school and everything," said Dorie. "You're too new." Then, with what sounded like a choke in her voice, "It's—it's just horrible when a person uses the class to make such a play for personal glory." With that, she rose and burst out of the room.

"Gosh!" said Sally, with a sort of sob in her voice, and Ann knew she was feeling sorry for Dorie. The others seemed overcome by Dorie's emotional exit, too. Obviously, their sympathy lay with that staunchest crusader of the junior class.

Limelight. No feeling for the school. Only a play for personal glory. That, then, had been Dorie's conviction. Dorie hadn't envied her activity, but she'd thought she wasn't really on the level. And she'd decided to rid the class of her. Everyone had known; not even Gwen had been willing to drop Ann a hint.

"But you don't think—" she found herself saying.

"Goodness, no!" said Gwen, but her voice was wavery.

"I should say not!" echoed Mary, (*Continued on page 33*)

WHAT ABOUT BOYS?

By ALMA B. SASSE

Are you hiding behind a pretended indifference to boys? Come on out and have some fun!



THE MOST POPULAR GIRL IN YOUR SCHOOL PROBABLY HAS A WARM SMILE FOR EVERYONE

SO you're boy-shy! Oh, you won't admit it, of course. At least not to your own crowd. But that's the real reason you scuttle off into a corner when some attractive boy comes along. And that's why you go high-hat and pretend you're not interested when other girls are invited on dates and you find yourself left out of the fun.

Yes, down in your secret heart you're afraid of young men because you know so little about them. You're never quite sure what they will say or do; never certain what they think. And, rather than risk being snubbed or having them label you as either a "dumb cluck" or a "dismal drip," you run away. You say you "don't care for boys."

This is a big mistake and it fools no one. For the plain truth is that you are as eager to be popular and have good times as the next girl. And best of all, you can have good times, too, once you stop acting like a frightened rabbit and use your head.

How?

Well, you might begin by considering how you came to be boy-shy in the first place. Is it, perhaps, because you are an only child? Or because you were reared in a household composed largely of women?

This would explain the basis of your trouble. Most of us fear the unfamiliar. And no girl who enjoys the happy-go-lucky companionship of older brothers is likely to stand in awe of the opposite sex. She knows the critters too well.

Now your case is just the reverse. Not having much experience with boys, you fail to see them as they really are, but you give them a terrific build-up in your imagination. You see a boy you admire as superheroic, or superwise. In fact, you make him so utterly *super* that you find yourself hopelessly dull in comparison. Is it any wonder, then, that his mere presence sets you in a dither? That you either run away, or fidget in embarrassment?

This is terribly humiliating, but cheer up—it doesn't have to go on. All you need do is stop your foolish imagining. And the next time that good-looking high school junior walks out of class by your side and lingers in the corridor for a chat—don't bolt away. Stand your ground like a soldier and talk to him as pleasantly and casually as you would to a girl.

Your cue is to be natural—and to give your companion a chance to be natural, too. Remember that although he may remind you of Cary Grant, he is really no more a sophisticated man of the world than you are a sophisticated movie actress.

You are, in fact, just two adolescent people with much the same interests and background, and neither of you is especially superior nor inferior to the other.

Therefore, take it easy. Don't flutter and squirm. And don't think you have to go into a song and dance to amuse your companion, either. Remember that for all his glib tongue and his offhand air, he is probably just as anxious to impress you as you are to impress him.

Now that you are about to break your shell and emerge as a sociable human being, resolve to do it wholeheartedly. But don't make the mistake of concentrating your attention on one particular boy. Watch the most popular girl in your school, notice how she acts, and you'll discover that she is not snobbish but has a friendly smile and a warm greeting for everyone.

If you're wise, you'll follow this girl's example. That means you won't snub Freddie Brown, the scrawny little bookworm who sits beside you in history class. Or ignore big, gangling Butch McGinnis because he strikes you as crude. Boys have a way of talking among themselves just as girls do. And once the word goes round that you really rate, and are pleasant to know, your stock will rise with all your schoolmates.

"But what chance have I to be popular when the other girls are so much more glamorous than I am?" you will probably wail. "There's Carol, who has such lovely auburn curls. And Betty wears such smart clothes. While me—all I've got is a crop of freckles."

(Continued on page 34)

Illustrated by

CORINNE MALVERN

SPITE CANAL

By MARGUERITE ASPINWALL

JILL'S dark eyes studied the stagnant water in the unsightly ditch at her right, and moved in distressed questioning to Grandmother Howard's face.

"How awful to have that—that *spite canal* practically under your front porch, Gran," she said indignantly. "Isn't there any way you can have the Board of Health make him do away with it? It'll certainly breed mosquitoes this summer, and it doesn't smell nice, either!"

Gran shook her gray head. "We're too far outside the town limits to get much attention," she sighed. "And there's as crooked a political ring in this county as you'd ever come across. I've tried, of course." She turned away so the muddy ditch would no longer be within her line of vision.

"I should think Mr. Larkin would find it just as ugly and smelly as you do," Jill objected. "What does he want such an eyesore on his property for, anyhow?"

"I haven't the least idea," Gran confessed. "His own house is pretty far away—too far away for it to bother him, I suppose. It was my bad luck that your great-grandfather built this house right on the dividing line between the two farms. But in those days his brother owned the other piece of land, so I suppose they never stopped to figure where the boundary really was." She paused. "Probably Seth Larkin has some notion in his head about getting even with me for not buying his farm when he offered it to me last spring. He's a vindictive old fellow, you know. He always was cranky, but he's been worse since his wife died—and this spring his only son was killed in Italy. Some folks get that way, living alone."

Jill had been born on this same farm, sixteen years before, and had lived on it with her parents and grandmother until her father died, the summer she was six. That next winter her mother had taken her small daughter and gone back to her girlhood home in San Francisco, where she found a selling job in one of the department stores. In the course of the years she had worked up to the responsible position of assistant to the general manager—and this summer, the store had offered her a year in South America to study potential markets for North American fashions.

Grandmother Howard had at once pleaded for a long visit from her granddaughter, so Jill had made the trip from California to Vermont alone. She had arrived at Robin Hill just a week before. The farm seemed little changed from her childish memories of the place. Gran was definitely older than Jill remembered her, but her welcome was as warm as ever; and the cheerful kitchen, with its copper pots and pans, its geraniums, and red-checked gingham curtains looked exactly like her homesick mental picture of it.

It was like coming home, this visit; and Jill had discovered, to her delight, that she was not to be the only young person at Robin Hill all summer. Grizzled old Ezra Collins, Gran's farmer, was getting too old and rheumatic to run the place alone, and through some friends of Gran's in Manchester, New Hampshire, they had succeeded in getting two boys of nineteen and seventeen to work on the farm for the summer months.

Jill had liked both boys at first sight.

"This tall fellow with the Indian tan is Don Woodward," Gran had said, smiling up at the towheaded youth who towered above her. "And this is his cousin, Peter Wayne. Not quite so tall or so sunburned, but as good a worker and just as nice a boy."

Red-haired Peter, whose fair skin colored easily, blushed at Gran's teasing introduction, but his grin for Jill was friendly.

"I used to know their grandaunt Martha Wayne, before I was married," Gran went on, sitting down behind the silver coffee-pot at the head of the table. "That was when she was keeping



JILL LIKED BOTH THE BOYS ENORMOUSLY AND THE THREE WERE SWEEPED INTO FAST FRIENDSHIP

house for her father—these boys' great-grandfather—on his farm outside Manchester. I've never forgotten her red-and-white kitchen. It's why my own curtains are red-checked today."

"I used to stay at Great-grandfather's farm when I was a kid," Don said. "Aunt Marty is one swell cook—just like Mrs. Howard here. Since her father died, she's lived around with the various brothers and sisters. It's often seemed kind of a waste to me that she hasn't her own home and her own kitchen."

Pete nodded. "I've thought that, too. She was awfully pleased when we told her we were going to be with you this summer, Mrs. Howard. 'Susie Howard,' she called you." His eyes were mischievous, and Gran laughed.

"Nobody's called me Susie since I was married," she declared. "I'd certainly like to see Marty again."

Jill learned privately from Gran, when the boys had gone to bed, that Don Woodward had been discharged from the Army after being wounded in the Italian campaign, and that he was left with a permanently stiff knee which rendered him unfit for further military service. He was an orphan and he lived with his uncle, who was Peter Wayne's father. Pete himself had tried to get into the Air Force at seventeen, but had been rejected because of faulty vision.

To both boys the prospect of indoor jobs had been intolerable. They had been on the farm almost a month when the visitor arrived, and the three were swept speedily into friendship.

Summer on Gran's farm looked good to Jill, and the two boys couldn't have been nicer. But why did the old crank next door have to spoil everything?



made no sense, as Gran pointed out to him. Her chickens were penned up in their own wire enclosure. They were not permitted to wander, either at home or abroad.

Mrs. Howard's patience had given way finally and she had left in anger, old Seth calling after her that if she didn't like him and his ways—and wouldn't buy his farm—he would buy hers, *for three hundred dollars*. To which Gran had retorted hotly, "Not for *three thousand!*" So the feud was on. The neighbors had exchanged no words from that day forth.

"Maybe he does want to buy Robin Hill," Jill had said thoughtfully, when she heard the story.

Gran had set her lips. "He'll never get it!"

Now, watching Gran's straight, uncompromising back as she turned and went indoors, her eyes avoiding the ditch, Jill sat down on the porch step, resting her chin in her hand. There must be some way to bring Farmer Larkin to heel. But what, and how?

Suddenly a gleam came into her brown eyes. Well, why not? Why not go over and call on their unfriendly neighbor and see for herself how the land lay? At best, she might glean some clue to his actions.

With Jill, to make a decision was to act on it promptly. Besides,

at this late-afternoon hour she had a fairly good chance of finding Mr. Larkin at home, his chores done, probably preparing his supper.

It was the first time she had been on the Larkin farm since her return to Robin Hill, and her keen eyes noted that the drive needed weeding and the front lawn had been allowed to grow up to hay. But the trees lining the drive were still the magnificent elms she remembered.

She mounted the three low steps to the porch and rang the bell. Its rusty clangor echoed through the house, but there were no answering footsteps.

As Jill waited, her nostrils became aware of an odor of burning. The front door stood ajar, and she could see a narrow hall that evidently led to the kitchen at the rear. Along this hall an acrid smoke trail was making its way.

Mr. Larkin must have put his supper on the stove to cook and gone outside and forgotten it. She pushed the door wide open and followed the smoke down the hall to a vast kitchen. On the coal range stood an iron pot from whose depths smoke proceeded. It contained a stew which was already burned beyond possibility of salvage. She moved it to the drainboard of the sink, and took a moment to glance about her.

The kitchen was all windows across the rear wall, through which the sunshine poured in a warm, golden flood to lie on the dusty bare boards of the floor. Jill decided the owner must use

Jill had gone back, happily, to her childhood habit of trotting at Gran's heels in the red-and-white kitchen, during such times as her new friends were busy. For after-work hours, the trio had speedily found such summer fun as swimming in the deep, icy-cold hole down by the creek bend, and cross-country and mountain hikes, with a picnic lunch or supper to top off hours of exercise in the sharp, sweet Vermont air.

The only flaw Jill could see in the summer ahead was the strange behavior of their neighbor, old Seth Larkin, who—for no apparent reason—had turned the pretty vine-covered hollow between the two farms into an eyesore by damming a small stream that ran through one of his fields and diverting its trickle of water into the trench he had dug. It was now only partly filled, and the water seemed not to be moving at all.

The "spite canal," as Jill called it, was not, however, Farmer Larkin's only offensive action. On days when the wind blew strongly toward the Howard house, he sometimes burned accumulations of oily rubbish on the muddy bank of the ditch. Then the black smoke would blow into Gran's windows, scattering smuts on her fine old mahogany, and ruining her curtains. It was apparently a carefully worked out campaign.

Gran had gone over herself, earlier in the season, to reason with her neighbor. She had found him surly. The only reason he would give was a repeated assertion that he needed the canal to keep the objectionable Howard chickens off his land. Which

this room as sitting room and kitchen combined, for a deep, shabby armchair stood beside a table that, in its turn, evidently doubled for dining and reading. A place for one person was set at the end, and an old-fashioned reading lamp stood close to the armchair, with a folded newspaper laid beside it. Across the kitchen, a door stood open, giving on a rather dark bedroom very much in disarray.

Over the kitchen table two pictures hung: one of a young man in the uniform of a lieutenant in the United States Air Forces. Draped over its frame, a service flag displayed a single star—and Jill realized with a pang that the star was not blue, but gold. Hung beside the dead flier's photograph was another—a picture of a cheerful-looking room that might have been a club lounge, for it contained many easy chairs, tables piled with magazines and books, and well-placed reading lamps.

Curious, she moved nearer, and discovered that the second picture was not a photograph, but a page torn from a magazine or catalog. A double line of type under it read, "Reading room of the Bannister Foundation, combined home and club for elderly men, at Bainbridge, Vermont." It struck the girl as an odd combination—the young flier under his gold-starred flag, and the reading lounge of a home for elderly men.

She turned at the sound of a groan from the adjoining bedroom. It was followed by a moaning sigh. Alarmed, Jill crossed the kitchen and peered into the room beyond. Then she hurriedly approached the unmade bed, upon which she could now make out a pair of legs clad in earth-stained khaki trousers.

Old Mr. Larkin was lying awkwardly across the rumpled blanket and she saw that he must have had a fall, for his face, half turned from her, was streaked with soot and a trickle of red had made a track down one cheek from a cut on his temple.

She spoke his name anxiously, and his eyes opened. He put up one hand to rub his forehead, then held it before his eyes and

open, I walked in. Your supper was burning up, so I took it off the stove."

He made an effort to sit up, which Jill checked with a firm hand. "Please don't move," she urged. "There—I'll dip my handkerchief in cold water and bathe this cut. I don't think it's very bad. Did you fall?"

"Had a dizzy spell and fell ag'in the coal scuttle," Seth Larkin replied sulkily. "You old lady Howard's granddaughter?"

Jill nodded. She stepped back into the kitchen, pumped some water, and sopped her handkerchief in it. Then, returning, she laid it, cold and wet, on the old man's forehead.

"I think it's stopped bleeding. Have you any bandage and adhesive?" She added reassuringly, "I took first aid."

He grunted, "There's a first-aid kit on the kitchen shelf."

Jill found it and deftly applied a neat bandage anchored with strips of adhesive.

Seth Larkin insisted on getting up, then, and staggered into the kitchen where he sat down heavily in his chair by the table. He made no suggestion that his visitor be seated. Indeed, his hand was already on the waiting newspaper. He had not even the grace to thank her for what she had done, Jill thought resentfully.

"You don't want me to call a doctor?" she lingered to ask.

"No, I don't. Take more'n a scratch to knock me out," he said curtly.

Still Jill hesitated, uncertain what to do. "Look, your supper's ruined," she said at last. "I'm going to fix you a cup of tea, and some toast and an egg before I go."

He did not forbid her. She found the icebox in the entry, and in it a jug of milk, some eggs, and butter. Filling the kettle at the sink, she set it to boil, retrieved a half loaf of bread from the breadbox, and cut two slices. By the time the water was boiling for the tea, she had the toast buttered and on a plate at Mr. Larkin's elbow, with an egg, perfectly poached, on top of it.

This time he did mutter a grudging, "Thank you." He ate the meal in silence, Jill sitting, uninvited, in the straight chair opposite. Presently she nodded at the photographs above the table, indicating the picture of the "club for elderly men." "That's a pleasant room, isn't it?"

The old man followed her glance and his face lighted. "Some day I'm going to live in that club," he told her. "I got a cousin who has gone there to spend his old age. It's a real fine place. They have nice times, too. But it's expensive. You got to have money to get in." His brows drew together in a scowl.

"I see," Jill murmured. This was not what she had expected. With Farmer Larkin's particular brand of disposition, she could not imagine his fitting amicably into a group of his contemporaries. Her eyes strayed to the picture of the bright-faced boy in the flier's uniform.

"That's my son you're seein' there," the old man said, the animation gone from his voice. "He ran away from home when he was fourteen—after his mother died. Him and me didn't get on too good. He was wounded over in Italy, and died. The Government give me his Purple Heart medal afterwards."

He closed his eyes, and Jill tiptoed from the kitchen. She was sorry for the lonely old fellow, but she couldn't honestly feel she liked him any better for it.

To her surprise, she found Don perched on the railing of the Larkin porch. "How did you know I was here?" she asked.

"Followed you," he replied laconically.

"Did you think the ogre was going to eat me for supper?" Jill asked lightly. "It was a pretty lucky thing I did come over. Mr. Larkin had had a fall, and cut his head. And, as a matter of fact, his supper was burning up on the stove." She chuckled. "He certainly is an old curmudgeon. It hurt him even to say 'thank you' to me for bandaging his cut and cooking his supper."

"You didn't! Well, well!" Don marveled. "You mean to say he let you cook his food—and did he eat it, too?"

Jill chuckled. "He certainly did. And I'm sort of sorry for him, Don, though I don't like him (Continued on page 30)



JILL HAD GONE BACK HAPPILY TO HER CHILDHOOD HABIT OF TROTTERING AT GRAN'S HEELS IN THE KITCHEN

stared in a dazed way at the blood that reddened his fingers.

"I'm hurt," he said, in a tone of incredulous surprise. And added, "Who are you? What are you doing in my house?"

"I'm Jill Howard," she told him cheerfully. She found her own handkerchief—there seemed to be nothing else sufficiently clean in the room—and pressed it against the cut, which she was relieved to see, on closer inspection, did not look very deep or dangerous. "I'm visiting next door for the summer, and I came over to call on you. Then I smelled smoke and, as the door was

Below: MARGARET WILL PLAY GAMES ANY TIME. HERE SHE PLAYS HOUSE WITH MAGGIE—IN MAGGIE'S HOUSE!



MARGARET O'BRIEN

The story of the child star who won and held her place in the world of screen stars by sheer acting ability

By HELEN GRIGSBY DOSS

SOMETIMES a child star streaks across the screen firmament like a meteor, making a big flash in a part which just happens to be suitable—and then disappears from public view because he or she cannot really act.

Margaret O'Brien, just turned eight, is the exact opposite of this. Her acting is astonishingly sensitive and intelligent and, child though she is, she is rated as one of the top actresses in Hollywood. She first captured the hearts of movie-goers when she appeared as a blitzed London orphan in *Journey for Margaret*. It was the title rôle—and a difficult one—but Margaret made it so real that she won the "Oscarette" in March, 1944 for the best performance of the year by a child star. In *Meet Me in St. Louis* she played, with equal intelligence, the part of Judy Garland's harum-scarum little sister, Tootie. That picture must have been a favorite with your whole family. In *Music for Millions* she proved that she can be trusted to do first-class work in any picture which is given her. You liked José Iturbi and Jimmy Durante, but most of all you liked Margaret as "Mike," the little sister of June Allyson. How could you help liking her? She was such a lovable, normal little girl.

Margaret's latest film, which will probably be released this summer, is *For Our Vines Have Tender Grapes*. You won't want to miss this picture, a down-to-earth story of farm life in



Top: MARGARET O'BRIEN WITH JIMMY DURANTE AS THEY APPEARED IN "MUSIC FOR MILLIONS"
Above: AFLOAT IN A BATHTUB WITH JACKIE JENKINS, A SCENE FROM HER NEWEST PICTURE, "FOR OUR VINES HAVE TENDER GRAPES"

Wisconsin, with Margaret O'Brien again playing the part of a natural, endearing little girl. Perhaps one of the reasons she can play such rôles so well is because she is a lovable and very normal little girl herself. She likes to do the things all Brownie-age girls like to do—play jacks, jump rope, raise pets, play with dolls and have tea parties, color with crayons and water colors, play dress-up and make-believe.

Margaret O'Brien was born in Los Angeles on January 15, 1937, just after her father had been killed in an automobile accident. Her mother is half Irish and half Spanish. Before her marriage, she and her sister Marissa had been on the stage as Spanish dancers, so Mrs. O'Brien decided to support herself and her dark-haired mite of a baby by teaching Spanish dancing.

When Aunt Marissa secured a contract to dance in New York, Mrs. O'Brien gave up her pupils and became her younger sister's



EIGHT-YEAR-OLD MARGARET ATTENDS SCHOOL ON THE STUDIO LOT AND DOES HER LESSONS AT HOME. THIS IS HER CLASS IN BALLET DANCING. Right: HERE SHE IS LIMBERING UP, A ROUTINE SHE FOLLOWS EVERY NIGHT



coach and manager. Together they bumped across the continent in a ramshackle sedan, with baby Margaret in a market basket on the back seat.

A room was provided for the dancer and her manager at a New York hotel, but babies were not invited to share the accommodations. So for the run of Aunt Marissa's contract, Margaret had to be smuggled in and out of the building. Thinking back upon that part of her life, Margaret could have chuckled when, in *Music for Millions*, she played the part of a little girl who had to be smuggled in and out of her sister's boardinghouse.

The next few years were spent touring, and the baby learned to toddle in backstage dressing rooms. Then back in California once more, where Aunt Marissa secured an engagement to dance in Los Angeles and Hollywood. One day she went to see her agent; and as her sister was in bed with a cold, she took her four year old niece with her. When the agent saw Margaret he asked, "Is this child in pictures? Who is she?"

Aunt Marissa said, "No, she isn't. She's my niece."

"Well, she should be in pictures," the agent exclaimed. After Aunt Marissa's business had been attended to, he took Margaret and her aunt across town to the M-G-M Studios in Culver City. The studio was casting for bit players in *Babes on Broadway*, and the little girl was given a small and unimportant part. But it was not her turn to be noticed, and it was a year later before her real break came.

M-G-M had purchased the movie rights to a best-seller, *Journey for Margaret*, by William L. White, the true story of an American newspaperman in England during the bombardment, and his experiences in bringing home a war orphan for adoption. The picture was to have the same title as the book. The great difficulty was to find the right child to play the rôle of Margaret, and dozens of children were tested and rejected.

"She must look *different*," the producer said. Finally, in desperation, reels were run off of all the films made in the past few years by M-G-M. When *Babes on Broadway* appeared, the producer spotted Margaret O'Brien's wistful little face in the background of a scene. "That's the one," he said. "That's a perfect 'Margaret'—find her for me!"

It wasn't easy to track down the name and address of an unknown child who had played an obscure part in a single picture and then disappeared from public view. But after much sleuthing she was finally located, and her mother took her to the studio for a screen test. The child who would win the part must possess much more than a "different" face, however—she must be able to act a really difficult part.

To portray a little girl with a war-shattered life, the child actress would have to be able to show all the gradations of emotion, from terror to joy, from sorrow to hope. Five year old Margaret O'Brien was given the part, and you all know what a good job she did with it.

From then on, her career as an actress has been clear sailing, with the studio looking for good stories for her a year or more ahead of time. She may do a picture with Wallace Beery soon, in which he plays an outlaw who is reformed by a little girl. And Lionel Barrymore, who claims she is the finest actress he has known, aside from his sister Ethel, has been asking the studio to find a picture in which he may co-star with Margaret.

This young star is one of the few persons who are allowed to take part in a radio program without reading from a script. Radio performances have to be timed to the split second, and usually no chances are taken that a performer may forget or muffle his lines. Though Margaret now attends the M-G-M

studio school, at the time of her debut before a microphone she couldn't read, so her mother helped her memorize the whole script—a half-hour-long script at that.

One day she appeared on a radio program, one of a series produced by the Army with well-known people contributing their time and talent for broadcasts to our men overseas. This particular program had an all-child cast, with Frank Sinatra as master of ceremonies.

If you had been there, you might have smiled sympathetically as you watched Margaret. There were Bing Crosby's four boys sitting in a row, trim and smart in their military uniforms. There, beside Margaret, was twelve-year-old Elizabeth Taylor, the blue-eyed, black-haired English girl who played the leading rôle in *National Velvet*, and who has just finished *Hold High the Torch* with the famous collie, Lassie. Sitting beside Elizabeth Taylor was Roddy McDowell, the English boy who liked so well in *Lassie Come Home*, *My Friend Flicka*, and *Thunderhead*.

Margaret was the youngest performer—and the only one who didn't know how to read. As each child stood up before the microphone and smoothly read his part, you would have seen Margaret begin to wriggle in embarrassment. Then she had an inspiration. Not to be outdone when her turn came, she walked up to the microphone, held up her typewritten script and "read" from it as smoothly as anyone could. As she began to throw herself into the feeling of her part, however, her hand dropped unconsciously to her side. Once, with a guilty look around, she remembered and quickly brought the script up into reading position again, without hesitation in speak. (Continued on page 27)

I MADE THEM MYSELF

1564—Here's the playsuit and pinafore you want for work and play. Easy to make, wash, and iron. Sizes 10 to 18; 28 to 36, 14 (32): View 1, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yds. 39" material. View 2, left side of bra, right of shorts, hand and right strap, $\frac{7}{8}$ yd. 39" material; opposite sides, $\frac{3}{4}$ yd. 39" material.....25c



1393



1539

1393—Here's one for summer parties, with a heart-shaped neckline. Make it in a print or plain fabric, with short sleeves or long. Sizes 12 to 18; 30 to 36, 14 (32): $2\frac{3}{8}$ yds. 35" material, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yds. 39" material.....25c

1539—The recipe for this dress calls for three of your favorite colors. Sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 38, 14 (32): View 1, skirt, blouse back, belt, and blouse front, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yds. 39" material; blouse left front and pocket, $\frac{5}{8}$ yd. 39" material; opposite side, $\frac{3}{8}$ yd. 39" material.....25c



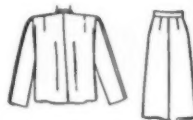
1564



1586—The short coat that has taken a short cut to popularity, and a slimming skirt that can be worn separately. Sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 38, 16 (34): Jacket, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yds. 54" material (without nap); skirt, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yds. 54" material.....25c



1586



1619—You'll probably call this one-piece wrap-around with cap sleeves your favorite dress, and want another just like it. Sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 38, 14 (32): $3\frac{7}{8}$ yds. 35" material, or $3\frac{1}{2}$ yds. 39" material.....15c



1619



SENIOR GIRLS GET-TOGETHER

Cramming two and a half days full of sessions, singing, and ceremonies, Senior Girls at the Mississippi Valley Conference Workshop in Clinton, Iowa, recently. A highlight of the Workshop is the night dance, with the Coca-Cola Victory Bands providing music by Les Brown and his orchestra, broadcasting direct from the Clinton, Iowa, ballroom.



Upper left: A WING SCOUT, WHO HELPED DESIGN HER OWN UNIFORM, REGISTERING FOR THE WORKSHOP IN CLINTON, IOWA

Left: SINGING PLAYED A BIG PART IN THE CONFERENCE. ALL SCOUTS PRESENT SANG "GIRL SCOUTS TOGETHER" FOR THE SATURDAY NIGHT BROADCAST ACCOMPANIED BY THE SPOTLIGHT BAND LED BY LES BROWN



Below left: OVER A BOX LUNCH, THESE SENIOR SCOUTS ARE DISCUSSING WHAT THEY CAN DO FOR THEIR COMMUNITIES AND THEIR COMMUNITIES CAN DO FOR THEM



RISCOUT ETHER

ull of visions, buddies.
Girls held their
workshops Clinton, Iowa,
workshops the Saturday
Victory de of Spotlight
own an orchestra and
Clinton, auditorium



Above: LES BROWN, LEADER OF THE SPOTLIGHT BAND, AND SOME OF THE SENIOR SCOUTS WITH THEIR ESCORTS SMILING THEIR APPRECIATION

Below: ONE OF THE LUNCHEON HUDDLES ON PERSONAL APPEARANCE IN WHICH HAIR STYLING WAS DISCUSSED. OTHER HUDDLES INCLUDED TALKS ON THE STYLING OF CLOTHES, SOLVING INDIVIDUAL PROBLEMS SUCH AS HOW TO APPLY FOR A JOB, RACE PREJUDICE, AND SEVERAL ON VOCATIONAL EXPLORATION IN THE DIFFERENT TYPES OF WORK OPEN TO GIRLS



Above: THE INTERMISSION FOR SUPPER DURING THE DANCE HELD ON SATURDAY NIGHT

Left: PRESENTATION OF THE COLORS BY THE GIRL SCOUTS OF CLINTON, IOWA, AT THE OPENING SESSION OF THE WORKSHOP





NOW is the time for all smart girls to come to the aid of their fall wardrobes. Yes, we know fall seems distinctly next season. It is, but fashion experts aren't dreaming when they advocate plenty of in-advance planning. They're supposed to come up with the answers, and that's the one they have for the maiden's prayer, "What shall I wear?"

Since a plan's the answer, how's your clothes line? First, get a line on what you've got. Hold a fashion parade of the clothes you hung at the back of your closet or packed away in a "motholeum" last spring. Then you can decide what more you need for the places you'll go, the things you'll do.

Certainly, your supply is limited. So is everybody's nowadays. You took literally the slogan, "What can you spare that they can wear?" in your contributions to the United Clothing Drive. Still, you probably have a suit, or jacket and skirt; a dress or two; and sweaters and blouses as a basis for this fall and winter, with only a few additions needed. There are probably other things you look at with a jaundiced eye—but don't cast them aside. We've suggestions for them, too.

YOU will want a wardrobe you can wear appropriately to school, parties, church, and community affairs. One that is varied, in good style, becoming, and inexpensive. It's simple to have what you want if you make many of your clothes and accessories yourself. Maybe you haven't done much sewing, but there's no better time than a summer vacation to begin, especially if you have directions so easy you can't miss.

We're a leap ahead of you in your wardrobe planning, and are ready with directions for hats, bags, lapel gadgets, blouses, skirts, sweaters, slips, jumpers, and dresses, in that order, for the benefit of beginners. These are yours for the asking, and come complete with illustrations, clear diagrams, and the ABC's of what to do, worked out step by step for hand or machine sewing by any young dressmaker, beginner or experienced. You'll also find a color chart for color harmony, be you blond, brunette, or redhead; some figure tips, and tricks of the trade for the custom-made look. Send your request for the *Girl Scout Clothes Line* (available, free, to both Scouts and non-Scouts) to the

American Thread Company, 260 West Broadway, New York 13, New York. If you are a Girl Scout, please be sure to say so.

In considering that "something new" to be added, glance at the jumper sketched. A jumper is good style now, and used cleverly, provides several outfits with changes of blouses and sweaters. Choose it in a color to contrast with your suit coat or jacket and you'll have a snappy ensemble. Slip it on



Left: THREE OUTFITS YOU CAN MAKE FROM A SINGLE PATTERN JUST BY USING DIFFERENT MATERIALS CLEVERLY

over a sweater and you're off to school. Wear it with a tie-neck or collared blouse and you're right for church or Sunday dinner. For this Hollywood pattern number 1321, full directions, from choosing the material to the final pressing, are included in the *Clothes Line*.

Another skirt is always practical and lends variety. Make it in a color to blend or contrast with a jacket or suit coat to make a complete outfit; mix-match it with sweaters, wear it with the new snap-to-iron blouse. The skirt illustrated requires only a yard and a half of 39-inch wide material, which can be flannel, suiting, rayon, or cotton, depending on your needs and the climate. The pattern and the directions in the *Clothes Line* practically sew it for you.

Surprised to meet your twin? Only you would know you might even have been triplets. The dresses sketched are the same pattern, Butterick, number 3444, but they certainly look different in different materials. And that's the tip-off. Take a simple, becoming style like this one, learn how to make it according to directions in the *Clothes Line*, and use it over and over in various ways. You'll be so familiar with what to do that you can make a dress in no time, and be able to have several for the price of one.

This pattern has alternate longer sleeves which you could use for winter. You might omit the peplum and attach the top to the skirt for a one-piece model finished with a belt. One fabric for the top and peplum, and a contrasting fabric for the skirt is what the triplet above is showing. Let your ingenuity take you on from here.

Our ingenuity sees the possibilities of using this skirt with different blouses. There's nothing like having several skirts and blouses

to turn about for variety. Laundering blouses is a problem because they are apt to be fussy. The solution is the Flat Top, our name for the magic little blouse which lies flat on top of the ironing board in one straight piece. Wash it before you start your homework, and before you've finished, it will be ready for a few quick whisks of the iron. This type can be found in any department store or blouse shop, but don't you want several? Yes, you guessed right, we have the pattern and directions in the *Clothes Line*.

The trick to why it's so simple lies in the ties at either end of the one long piece which forms the blouse. You slip your head through the neck-hole in the center, take the ties at either side of the back and knot them flatly in front. Then take the front tie ends and make a bow or square knot in back. You're anchored securely and can wear the blouse inside or outside of your skirt. In addition, you can wear it frontward or backward, depending on the effect you want. Backward with a pert bow or cute pin; frontward with a gay scarf, or a string of beads.

You've already an idea or two for something new to make your wardrobe sharp.

HOW'S YOUR

By BEATRICE LOUISE ECKS

Girl Scout National Staff



A YARD AND A HALF OF MATERIAL MAKES THIS EASY-TO-SEW SKIRT

Now air on the line those little numbers you're not so keen about, and let's investigate. New shoulder pads in any last year's dress will lift that weary droop. If it's a dark color, a bright-colored belt with buttons to match, in an odd shape, will give it new life. Paint halves of old spools and wind them with yarn to serve as fasteners or trimming. Adjust the hem to your increased height; see that the dress is spotlessly clean

and well pressed. Then wear it with an air of satisfaction, and even your best friend won't recognize it.

Ideas galore to give dash to costumes can be found by studying pattern and fashion books available at any needlework counter. Here are a few we picked up.

If last year's dress is plain and a light color, add braiding in loops on the shoulders, and a belt to match. Black would accentuate green, gold, tan, or certain shades of blue and red. A ribbon belt is a cinch to make with the packaged mending material—sold for mending sheets—as your stiffening. Buy the ribbon the width you want, remembering that a narrow belt is more flattering. Plan on a bow or buckle to fasten it and to serve as trimming. Cut the ribbon to fit your waistline. With a warm iron press the mending material on to the wrong side of the ribbon, and there you are. Stiffen the loops of the bow, too, if you make one.

Another trick for a dress of any color is to cut the sleeves very short, band them with a contrasting color, and sew a piquant bow to each.

Still another is to tie a peplum around

neatly detachable, it can double on other clothes.

That graduation dress or last year's formal could easily be given new life for this winter's parties by a long petticoat with a plaid or contrasting flounce to lengthen it if you've grown, or just to make it more colorful if you haven't. A collar, shoulder bow, cuffs, banding, or touch of the new material on the waist would outwit the resemblance to a made-over.

A JUMPER LIKE THIS IS GOOD TO MAKE AS A STARTER FOR YOUR BASIC SCHOOL DRESS



cessories are gleaming. Your hair is well brushed and shiny. From head to foot you have that "well-scrubbed look" *Vogue* dotes upon. You're riding high because you know you're well put together, and your smile is bright as you gaily toss out the conversational lines you've been working on. And everybody says, "What an attractive girl!"

SINCE teen-agers are becoming hat-conscious, you'd better keep in line by sending to the Millinery Fashion Bureau, 19 West 44th Street, New York 18, New York, for your free copy of *Teens Can Be So H-attractive*. You'll find a host of suggestions on types to wear in the sections, "Day In, Day Out," "Just for Fun," and "Date Bait," along with plenty of hints on how to keep hats that way.

No costume is complete without a bag as catchall for the stuff you *must* carry. We're ready with one right for any occasion, depending on the size and fabric you choose. Make it big, of sturdy tweed, toss in your books, and sling the strap over your shoulder as illustrated. Top off with an overseas cap similar to the "WACs". Make the bag smaller, slip a shorter strap over your wrist, and clap on a calot—beanie to you! For best, have it in plaid or checked taffeta stiffened with



EASY DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING THIS GROUP OF ACCESSORIES ARE GIVEN IN THE "GIRL SCOUT CLOTHES LINE"

buckram, a vivid or plain felt. Omit the strap and tuck the envelope under your arm. Wear with it a matching Dutch cap which looks demure yet coquettish. Directions for the bag and the three hats all come in the *Girl Scout Clothes Line*, free for the asking, by writing the American Thread Company.

A word to the wise on the surprise appearance of coats with scarves and more scarves. Try them as ascots, folds, or bows which are the most flattering. Have them plain, striped, and checked to bring out the color of your eyes, the predominant color of a hat trimming, or to lend a bright touch to matching coat and hat.

NOW how's your clothes line?

R CLOTHES LINE?

your middle and stitch a bias fold of the same material around the neck of your dress. Experiment with a paper pattern to see how deep you want the peplum. Get the final one just right by using the peplum pattern piece of our three-way dress illustrated, but be sure to allow for the depth you want. Made



THE "FLAT TOP," THE BLOUSE THAT IS ONE STRAIGHT PIECE—EASY TO MAKE AND TO IRON

There's nothing like vestees or collars for a pickup. *Make and Mend*, ordered for ten cents from The Spool Cotton Company, 745 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, New York, has all kinds, including one vestee with three jabots that button on for an easy-to-do quick change. The same company publishes *Teen Fashions* and *New Fashions for Old*, each only ten cents, and replete with ideas to "turn knockabouts into knockouts."

THERE'S much to be said about how you wear your clothes as part of the answer to your clothes line. Even those women voted the ten best dressed in America have some of their clothes made over and add new touches or different accessories to others. They never buy a dress because it's such a becoming color or the style is simply darling. They have a plan, and every garment they buy, every color they choose, everything they do about their clothes fits into it. They pass up many things they'd like, but they're better dressed for it. Furthermore, they have ready what they want to wear before they want to wear it. And that point pays off when the unexpected moment arrives. Not for them is the mad scramble of fishing through the closet, grumbling, pressing, sewing snappers or a hem. Instead, they have plenty of time for hair, nails, bath, and a cat nap.

It's the tricks that go with the wearing of clothes that help create the impression you want to make. Good grooming isn't just a phrase used by advertisers of this and that; it's the sum of the attention you give to every part of you from hat to shoes. You use a military "spit and polish," a whisk broom, spot remover, deodorant, pressing iron, needle and thread—such things are all part of it. Your lingerie is fresh, and any white ac-

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these plus advantages. Get yourself an X-acto—it's the knife of your life!



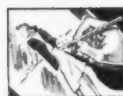
A TWIST, A TWIRL, THAT'S ERL! Any X-acto blade fits snugly, firmly into any X-acto handle. To reblade, just twist the handle, pull out the blade, insert a new one, twist handle back, and there you are!

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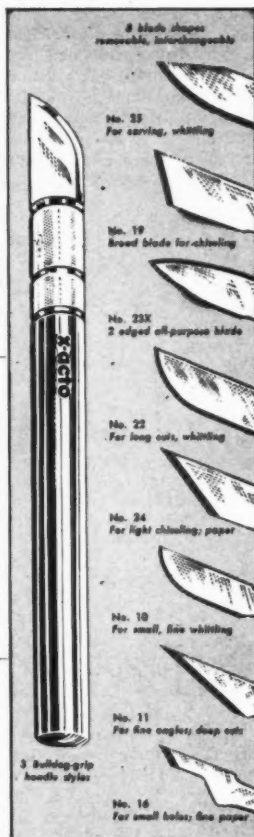


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RUTH NICHOLS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

a routine job, and she knew she was not fitted by temperament for it. However, those months were not entirely wasted, for she gained valuable selling experience and made contacts that helped her later in raising money for record-breaking flights. She was never one to value money for its own sake, or to overestimate the importance of influence, but in those days one could get nowhere in aviation without backing. Pioneering flights required the best in equipment, and powerful planes came high.

Presently Miss Nichols reached a compromise between her obligation to her family and her desire to have a share in aviation's expanding future. She went to work for the Fairchild Airplane and Engine Corporation.

Soon she leaped into the front ranks of aviation as a participant in the first nonstop flight from New York to Miami, made with a Major Lee and her old teacher, Harry Rogers, in a plane furnished by the Fairchild Company. They made the trip from New York to Miami in twelve hours and fifteen minutes. Today it is flown in half that time, but it was a real achievement in 1928.

Ruth Nichols's next opportunity in aviation came when a group of Government officials, aviators, and social leaders asked her, in 1929, to go on a nation-wide tour to establish social flying clubs in this country, such as already existed in England. She made a twelve thousand mile tour, landing in forty-six States, to promote the organization of Aviation Country Clubs, Inc. Although the financial panic of 1929 prevented wide success for the undertaking, several fine clubs in various parts of the country today show the tangible result of her efforts.

In 1929, too, the first "Powder-Puff Derby," an all-woman event of the National Air Races, marked the serious entry of women into the field of racing. It also marked the first setback in Ruth Nichols's career—a few of these being necessarily a part of any lifetime in aviation. In this race, she was flying in third place when she cracked up while landing between laps, because someone, with extreme negligence, had left a tractor in the middle of the field. She was out of that race, but in successive years she took various first and second places in a number of competitive events.

Two years before, Ruth Nichols and Amelia Earhart had made plans, through correspondence, for the first organization of licensed women fliers. In 1929 these plans were brought to a head by four women of the Curtiss-Wright Corporation, and *The Ninety-Nines* was formed. The odd title comes from a decision to name the organization after the number of charter members in the group. For a time it looked as if the name might have to be an awkward one like *The Eighty-Sixers*, or something similar, until a few last-minute recruits brought the number up to ninety-nine! There are more than nine hundred and ninety-nine in the organization now, but its purpose remains the same—"to provide a close relationship among women pilots and to unite them in any movement that may be for their benefit, or for the benefit of aviation in general."



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The idea of a solo hop across the Atlantic first began to crystallize in Ruth Nichols's mind immediately after Amelia Earhart had become the first woman transatlantic passenger. Lindbergh's flight to Paris had paved the way in the minds of the public, of course, for the first solo flight by a woman across the Atlantic. Miss Nichols realized that such a flight, if successful, would be a short cut to the financial security she wanted for her family. She also realized that such flights were of tremendous value to aviation.

Miss Nichols persuaded Powel Crosley, president of the Crosley Radio Company, to lend her one of his planes to set three world records for women. Only Clarence Chamberlin, her technical adviser, knew that she intended these flights to be a proving ground for a subsequent attempt to fly the Atlantic.

Bucking severe head winds most of the way, she flew from the east to the west coast of the United States in eight hours less than any previous time. Then she turned around and became the first woman to make a non-stop west to east flight.

The altitude record was the second step in her plan. In March, 1931, she climbed to an altitude of 28,743 feet, a height at which only planes like our specially equipped bombers fly today. When Ruth Nichols removed the oxygen tube from her mouth for a split second, to reach back and turn on the second gas tank, her tongue froze. The thermometer had broken—at sixty degrees below zero!

The speed trial was made in April, and Miss Nichols shattered all previous records for women. This was the first time in aviation history that the same plane had been used for three entirely different types of record-breaking flights, and it was a great triumph for Miss Nichols's six hundred horsepower modified Lockheed. Changes in its design which she helped Chamberlin make had a permanent influence on the design of later models.

Now Ruth Nichols was ready for the big hop. When her plan was made public it created quite a stir, for several women had tried to fly the Atlantic before, as copilots, and had been lost. She received thousands of dollars worth of business offers from various organizations, provided, of course, the flight was successful.

But luck was not with her on this trip—or maybe it was, since she escaped with her life, luckier than the others who had tried it before her. Arriving at Newfoundland the first night, before the long hop across the ocean, she saw at a glance that she had been misinformed about the size of the airport and that the heavily loaded plane could never make the landing on such a small field.

She lost all of the forward speed she possibly could and tried for a pancake landing. For a minute it looked as if she might make it, and then ahead of her rose a wooded cliff that meant certain death if she hit it head on. With the split-second decision that showed the really fine pilot she is, she gave the engine full throttle and shot upward. Almost over the top, one looming crag hit the undercarriage and there was a crashing sound of metal and wood. The plane, broken nearly in half, hung there by a thread.

Horried onlookers raced up the hill to the rescue and an ambulance rushed the injured pilot to the hospital. Even before the examina-

(Continued on page 25)



The pup that never grew up...

This snapshot was taken some time ago. The pup that posed for it—the *real* dog—has changed a lot since then.

But the dog in the picture—the dog you are looking at—hasn't changed a bit. And never will! Today or ten years from today, you can look at the photograph and see the dog as he used to be!

That's the pleasant thing about picture taking. Things change—and memories fade—but pictures don't. Take pictures as often as you can. They'll form a lasting record that will bring you pleasure for years to come.

To make sure you get *good* pictures—the kind worth keeping—follow these simple rules:

1. **Compose the picture carefully.** The main center of interest should occupy the dominant position in the scene. To do this, pay close attention to what you see in the view finder.
2. **For sharp, clear pictures,** hold the camera steady while tripping the shutter. For slow shutter speeds, place camera on tripod or firm support.

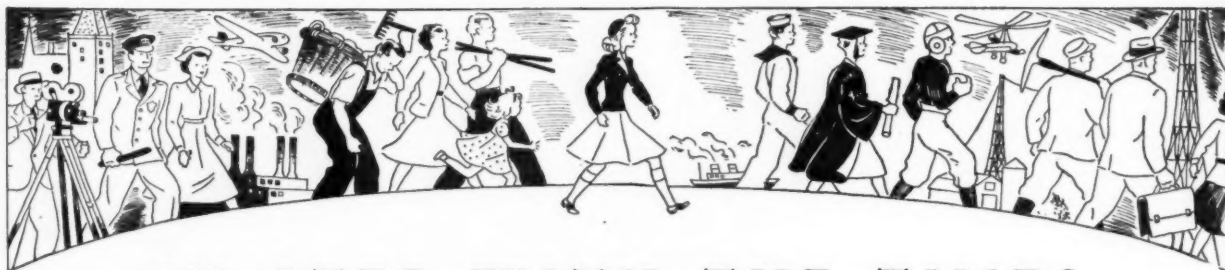
3. **Use Ansco Film—always.** It has wide exposure latitude. This quality makes it *easier* to get good pictures, because it reduces the need for "exact" exposure.

The small errors most everyone is apt to make—wrong shutter speed, lens opening, or misjudgment of the light—need *not* keep you from getting good pictures—provided you have **ANSKO** film in your camera. Ansco, Binghamton, New York. A division of General Aniline & Film Corporation.

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IN STEP WITH THE TIMES

By Latrobe Carroll

INVADING THE JAPANESE MIND

What do the Japs think of Americans? It's a question that interests all of us, but it's a life-or-death matter to the specialists of our Army's Psychological Warfare Branch. Their job is to work on the enemy's mind, with words as tools, so American troops may be saved. Our psychological experts never forget certain ideas about Americans which the average Jap fighter holds firmly—ideas such as these:

America's home front is soft, so the "Nips" believe. In Nippon, both sexes must work like regimented beavers, almost all their waking hours. The Japs, who used to watch



movies of Americans on vacations, or spending evenings at home, feel superior.

To the Nips, we lack reverence and spiritual strength. From babyhood a Jap is taught to revere authority, especially the Emperor's authority. Such awed respect, the Nips believe, is the basis of valor. So Japs think Yanks are cowards at heart.

It's only logical, the Nips hold, for a nation of gods like themselves to have a spiritual edge on a nation of mere humans. This conviction acts as a powerful mental vitamin. But the Japanese idea of Nippon as a land of godlike beings ruled by a God-Emperor, a direct descendant of the Sun Goddess, is a fairly recent one. It's a conception fathered by Tokyo war lords who see in it a canny way to unify their nation and deify Hirohito. (One of the chief complaints about our bombings is that they've interrupted Hirohito's sacred horseback rides.)

The Jap rulers, through "thought control," try to regiment all ideas. Japs are told, over and over, that Americans are "cruel beasts" who torture prisoners, then kill them. Suicide, say the thought controllers, is far better than surrender.

The gullible Japanese believe they've won resounding victories, even recently. This comes from swallowing the fairy tales spread by the Tokyo radio.

Our experts in psychological war are trying to tear down some of the Nips' strongly built beliefs by means of words spoken into loudspeakers (nicknamed "hog-callers"), and leaflets and photographs scattered by exploding bombs. Also, through newspapers printed in Japanese, which tell the truth about the war, and give the lie to Tokyo's propaganda. With these go actual photographs of Jap battleships sinking, of Zeros shot down in smoke and flames.

To counteract the thumping falsehood that Americans are torturers and murderers, photographs of Jap prisoners, comfortable and well-fed, are strewn back of enemy lines.

Result: More and more Japs surrendering, as on Okinawa. But our fighting forces are not fooling themselves. In spite of a few, small, white-flag victories won by psychological means, we'll have to keep winning the war the long, hard way—with planes, tanks, naval and infantry assaults.

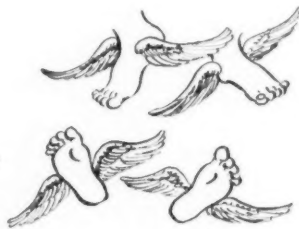
We've merely made a dent in the Jap mind.

MAKE FRIENDS WITH YOUR FEET

Dr. W. W. Howells, a well-known anthropologist, has stated that our feet set us apart from the other mammals more sharply than our brains. Not even a bear or a great ape can take a truly human step.

Dr. Dudley J. Morton, of Columbia University, points out that our feet, so surprisingly efficient, are abused. About seventy per cent of adult Americans have foot trouble, the women sufferers outnumbering the men almost ten to one.

Here are some "doctor's orders": In gen-



eral, wear low heels. Teeter on high heels at dress affairs only. In changing from heels to heelless shoes, begin the change with one hour a day and increase the heelless period gradually. While resting, sit with the legs stretched out and the feet level with the hips. This sends a fuller flow of blood through the feet.

For perfect foot rest, go to bed.

MOSQUITOES ARE SO SENTIMENTAL

Mosquitoes can talk to one another. That is what three scientists say—Doctors M. C. Kahn, William Offenhauser, and William Celestin, of the Cornell University Medical College. They made their discovery when they were trying to find a new way of killing mosquitoes. They knew all about our Army's efficient insect-slaying methods, but thought they might find a cheaper way of warring against mosquitoes. They wondered whether the insects could be forced to lure or trap one another by means of some sort of mechanism. They decided to find out.

First they had to discover whether mosquitoes could communicate with one another. That meant giving bed and board to a lot of



the pests, so the scientists built a sort of mosquito hotel. Its guests lived in neat, air-conditioned cages. The females (only lady mosquitoes suck blood) were allowed to dine, once a day, on the researchers' arms.

Next the doctors recorded the noises made by the males and females of four species. They used a microphone, a phonograph, and an amplifier that could step up the volume of any noise as much as 100,000,000 times.

Mosquitoes, the scientists learned when the records were "played back," could make a variety of birdlike calls. Different calls meant different things. A long, squalling noise was the anger cry. (The doctors had put a drop-let of water on a mosquito to make him mad.) There was a call of warning, and an "Oh, boy—I've found food!" cry.

There were mating songs, too; the male's was thin, high, and yearning; the female's song was a bellow. When the males heard a female's song they flew toward her. That made the investigators think they were on the right track. Why not play recordings of mating calls in mosquito-infested places and lure the gentleman mosquitoes into some sort of trap?

So the scientists are making field tests, now. More power to them, and to the loving calls pouring from their phonograph horns!

RUTH NICHOLS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

ing doctor discovered that she had four fractured vertebrae and a crushed fifth one, she had sent a wire to her mother. "All I did was wrench my back. All okay. Awfully sorry about crashing, will do it next time."

In all her years of flying this was the only time that Ruth Nichols was injured while she was at the controls. She has had many close shaves in her flying career, but time after time her quick thinking has saved her.

But Miss Nichols had too much pluck to dwell for long on a misfortune that couldn't be helped. Three months later, still encased in a plaster cast, she flew out to California; and then, changing to a steel corset, she streaked across the skies from San Francisco to St. Louis, a distance of one thousand nine hundred and ninety-seven miles, with a new fourteen hour long-distance record for women. She was now the only woman in the world to have set all three maximum feminine international records for speed, altitude, and long distance.

By this time, record-breaking alone had ceased to satisfy Ruth Nichols, and she spent the next few years seeking new ways to widen the horizons of aviation. The variety of things she has accomplished is amazing.

In 1932 she began an educational campaign to demonstrate to women in general and college students in particular, the relation between their science courses and aviation, which she believed would soon become an integral part of their lives. Later, Beaver College awarded her an honorary degree as Doctor of Science in recognition of this work. Many more honors were given to her at various times. She became the first woman staff member of an aviation magazine, one of the few Americans admitted to the Women's Engineering Society of Great Britain, and was awarded the first American championship by the International League of Aviators. The General Federation of Women's Clubs named her one of the three most outstanding women air pioneers and one of the fifty-two women leaders of the world.

As the threat of war drew near, it was quite in character for Ruth Nichols to develop Relief Wings. As a Quaker and a pilot, she had determined that aviation should be associated in the public mind with constructive aid to the unfortunate, and not entirely with either destruction or commercial enterprises.

Before long, New York papers carried this story: "La Guardia Field gets ambulance plane. The first emergency ambulance plane assigned to this section of the country was installed here yesterday, with a rehearsal of emergency airborne medical service given by flight surgeons and flight nurses under Relief Wings, Inc. Its organizer, Ruth Nichols, says she hopes that ambulance planes similar to this one will be provided for the eleven other sections of the country now organized for emergency service under Relief Wings."

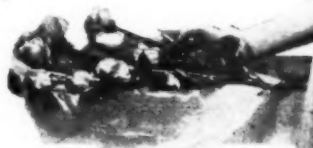
The entrance of the United States into the war temporarily suspended Ruth Nichols's dream of extending air ambulance service to other nations. The Army took over all air evacuation work outside the United States,

(Continued on page 27)

A TALK TO TEEN-AGERS

BY A GLAMOROUS

*Powers
Model!*



A CHAT on charm by a girl who has plenty of it! Edith Durston, Powers model, is blue-eyed, tall, willowy. She's a knock-out—sure. But Edith will tell you good looks don't just happen.

Says Edith Durston: "I find that a girl needs to lead 'a model life' if she wants to have that dewy look. I go in for exercise. Swimming and skating, or a brisk game of tennis. An eight hour snooze every night is a must. Eating right—that's very important, too. Three nourishing meals a day, including breakfast.

"I enjoy breakfast—and frequently include a big bowl of Wheaties with milk and fruit. Fact is, Wheaties are the first breakfast food I ever tasted and liked as a child—and I still like them."

Try Wheaties yourself! Crunchy golden flakes of toasted whole wheat. Fun to eat. Good for you, too. Made from nourishing whole wheat. Let Wheaties help you get off to a beautiful start each day. Include a big bowlful, with plenty of milk and fruit, in your breakfast, starting tomorrow.



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GOOD TIMES



with BOOKS



Wilderness Clearing (Dodd, \$2) is the first junior novel written by Walter D. Edmonds, author of "Drums Along the Mohawk," and "The Matchlock Gun"—the latter awarded the Newbery Medal in 1943. The author has drawn on history for the background of *Wilderness Clearing*, for some of the incidents, and for a few of the characters. The story is laid in northern New York at the beginning of the Revolution. There was a tense feeling of dread expectancy in the isolated clearing in the Mohawk Valley where Maggie Gordon lived with her father. Would war sweep over the quiet valley? Would the Indians attack? In spite of the threatening danger, slow, diffident Dick Mount paid court to eager, quick-witted Maggie, but the girl was romantic and full of dreams and to her the backwoods boy seemed young and unsophisticated. However, when the mounting tension flared into an Indian war, with the savages killing and burning—Dick's small brothers were massacred—and Maggie's father was stricken with a desperate illness, she learned to value the initiative and quiet bravery of this typical young American. The story is dramatic and full of suspense, and it gives a fine portrayal of the unassuming courage of the young people who played no small part in helping to build our country.

Prilly Boughton, heroine of *A Sea Between* (Doubleday, \$2) by Lavinia R. Davis, was still smarting from the humiliation of a mistaken infatuation when she met Captain Cordy de Lorge. Cordy, understanding and congenial, persuaded Prilly to visit Tante, the delightful French great-aunt with whom he lived in a small town on the New Jersey coast. When the captain came home on furlough the young couple realized that their liking had grown into love. They had just announced their engagement when Cordy's leave was cut short and he was sent overseas. Through a series of unusual circumstances, Prilly remained with Tante. Together they faced anxious days with busy hands and courageous hearts. Prilly had a bout with the smugness and racial intolerance of the small town. But gradually she grew to understand Cordy's town and its people, building up a life which she and Cordy would share on his return. Older girls will find this junior novel a sincere reflection of the immediate present and they will enjoy Prilly, for she is no star-dust heroine but a real girl of today.

There could hardly be a more interesting time to read about the forging of thirteen struggling, dissimilar colonies into a nation of free and independent men than now, when the first steps toward a world federation of nations are being taken. Patrick Henry was the first man in America to speak of the right of self-government. His powerful oratory continued to rouse and hold the people to the cause of liberty throughout the years before and during the Revolution, and during the formation of a new govern-

ment and the adoption of the Constitution. All of us are familiar with Patrick Henry's "Give me liberty . . ." and "If this be treason . . ." speeches, but many of us know little of the life of this great American whose influence was so powerful in shaping the destiny of our nation. In *Give Me Liberty* (Appleton, \$2.50) Hildegarde Hawthorne draws an interesting picture of the man in his public and private life. We feel his charm, admire his courage and clear thinking, enjoy his love for his family and his zest for life. The author brings out the fact, established by her research, that the unfavorable information about Patrick Henry given to his first biographer by no less a person than Thomas Jefferson was decidedly unfair. This story of a fine American and the times in which he lived makes thoroughly good reading.

If wartime difficulties again prevent your having a vacation in the country, sharing Sandy Callam's in Elizabeth Janet Gray's *Sandy* (Viking, \$2.50) is the next best thing. Impulsive, seventeen-year-old Sandy is no pale image of the author's teens but very much a real girl of today, fuming because she wants to be doing something worth while for the war instead of enjoying herself with a jolly and fun-loving crowd in a delightful New Hampshire summer colony. She takes a job as a waitress and her experiences are many and varied. She stirs up fun and trouble as she tries to draw natives and summer residents closer together through a series of square dances. There are romantic complications, too, for Sandy spurns a devoted younger admirer because of her interest in twenty-three-year-old Wing Garrison who, she believes, has eyes only for her beautiful cousin. All in all it's a memorable summer, during the course of which Sandy is gratified to find that she has become considerably more grown-up and sure of herself.

Joan Chooses Occupational Therapy (Dodd, \$2), by Meta Cobb and Holland Hudson, is a timely career book about a relatively new profession in which the demand for trained workers is likely to exceed the supply, both now and after the war. When the story begins, the redheaded heroine, Joan Peters, has just bidden good-by to her fiancé and returned to her work among wounded and disabled soldiers at a military hospital. "Won't you tell me what the work takes to do it well, and whether I should fit myself for it?" she is asked by a prospective student. In reviewing her training and career, the young therapist tells how she was trained for this increasingly important part of medical service, what the work is like in its various phases, and how vital the skills acquired in peacetime have become in treating the war-disabled. Because the book is thorough and authoritative, girls who have enjoyed volunteer work in this field, and who may be considering occupational therapy as a vocation will want to read this career story.

RUTH NICHOLS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

allowing no civilian flying under battle zone conditions. The Civil Air Patrol took over all airborne aid within the borders of the United States, once the foundations for this type of work had been firmly laid by Relief Wings. Miss Nichols, with one pilot brother an Air Corps colonel and the other working for Grumman Aircraft and flying under the C.A.P., shelved her cherished project for the duration and turned her attention to other things.

Today when everyone is talking of postwar plans, Ruth Nichols has her own postwar task clearly in mind. She is confident that Relief Wings will expand and contribute a great deal to the task of relieving the ravages of war. It will demonstrate a spirit of human service, she believes, that should help lead the way to a warless world. She says, "We hope to carry on foreign airborne relief, particularly in China where distances are so great and means of transportation so few, and where millions will need help for many years to come."

MARGARET O'BRIEN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

ing her lines; but she was living her part, and soon again forgot the useless script in her hand.

RECENTLY a member of the staff at M-G-M took me to visit the young star at her home. On the way she told me about Margaret's trip to Mexico last year. The little actress has done lots of traveling in her eight years; four trips across the continent by plane, and many journeys by car, train, and boat; but her trip to Mexico was her favorite. Aunt Marissa speaks Spanish fluently, but Margaret didn't need another language to endear herself to her Mexican fans. A large party was given in her honor, but the little girl, who has no idea how well known she is, didn't realize that she was the guest of honor and spent the afternoon playing happily with a little Mexican girl of her own age.

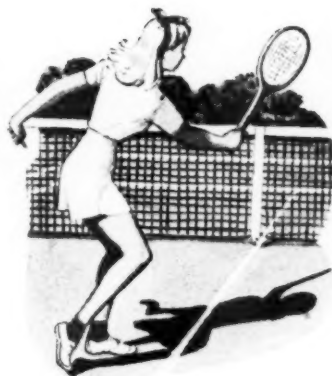
As our car pulled up before an unpretentious apartment house in Hollywood, my studio guide said, "There's Margaret! That Mexican girl is the maid the O'Briens brought back with them."

I looked down the driveway and saw a black-haired Mexican girl turning a jump rope, with the other end tied to the garage door. Margaret was instantly recognizable, in spite of the fact that her straight brown hair wasn't braided in the familiar pigtails. Now it was flying out behind her as she skipped rope furiously, calling out, "Faster, Guadalupe! Mas Aprisa!"

She was still breathless when we were introduced, and it was then I noticed the sprinkle of cinnamon freckles across her face. She looked up gravely as she said, with the poise of a grownup, "Hello! I'm glad to meet you." Then she became a little girl again as she jiggled up on her tiptoes to study the bird pin on my lapel.

(Continued on page 29)

Are you in the know?



What tennis shot calls for speediest action?

- ☐ Volley
- ☐ Forehand Drive
- ☐ Chop

You make it near the net, before the ball bounces. You've got to be faster of foot and eye, quicker with the racket, to master the volley. And you're quick to triumph over difficult days—when you learn to keep comfortable with Kotex. Actually, Kotex is different from pads that just "feel" soft at first touch, because Kotex is made to stay soft while wearing. Built for lasting comfort, this napkin doesn't rope, doesn't wad up. So chafing just hasn't a chance when you choose Kotex sanitary napkins.



How should she sign her name?

- ☐ Sally Subdeb
- ☐ Miss Sally Subdeb

Tuck this under your flat-top: A gal should never sign herself as Miss or Mrs.—except in a hotel register. That's so your name will check with the way your mail will be addressed. Avoid mixups... at "those" times, too, by never confusing Kotex with ordinary napkins. You see, Kotex is the napkin with the patented, flat tapered ends so unlike thick, stubby pads. The flat pressed ends of Kotex don't show revealing lines... and you get plus protection from that special patented safety center!

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- ☐ It passes the long-mirror test
- ☐ Your best friend tells you

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no extra cost

More women choose
KOTEX* than all other
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A PLACE FOR TEEN-AGERS

LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS: I've taken your magazine for almost four months now, but this is the first time I've written in. I live in Cammack village in Central Arkansas, on the west side of the Arkansas River.

In our town we have organized a place for teen-agers on Friday and Saturday, called "Amble Inn." My hobbies are collecting movie-star pictures. I like children and take care of children often.

I enjoyed reading the article on Louis Agassiz. Maybe we could have more famous people in our magazine. It makes THE AMERICAN GIRL a good place to find information. I like Louis Agassiz because he loved the out-of-doors, and so do I.

Jacqueline Chappell

THE AMERICAN GIRL IN ENGLAND

BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND: A friend in Washington sent me, a few months ago, a 1942 copy of THE AMERICAN GIRL. She mentioned that if I liked it she would try to get me a subscription. I immediately wrote her that it was just great, and I received my first copy—the March issue—last week, and am immensely pleased with it. I am lending it to the local Girl Guide Company in Langley, for I know they will be delighted to read the magazine which is published by the American Girl Scouts.

I am sixteen years old, fond of reading, cycling, films, Guiding, and writing.

Leah Harrison

LEARNING TO RIDE HORSEBACK

PIQUA, OHIO: I enjoy THE AMERICAN GIRL very much. Even though I don't take it every month, I borrow a copy from the public library.

One of my great-loved sports is horseback riding. I can't ride a horse very well and have only taken three lessons, but I have ridden before. All of the Girl Scouts in our troop are earning the horsewoman badge with the help of Mr. Alexander, a very good rider who owns a large horse farm here. I like horse stories and would enjoy having some continued stories about horses in our magazine.

Some other of my favorite hobbies are reading, swimming, geography, and writing poems and stories. When I grow up I wish to be a secretary to a big businessman.

I own a bicycle and enjoy it very much, except when it has a flat tire, which it has now and has had for several weeks.

If you wish information about starting a Girl Scout troop, write to Girl Scouts, attention Field Division, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, N.Y.

The leader of our troop, which is Troop Five, is my mother. She has done a pretty good job.

I am twelve years old and in the seventh grade.

Luella Huffman

PAT DOWNING

SHERIDAN, WYOMING: This is the third year I have taken your wonderful magazine, and I still enjoy it as much as I did the first time I read it. It seems as if *A Penny for Your Thoughts* carries many interesting messages from girls in different places.

My opinion is undoubtedly very one-sided when I say that I think Wyoming is the very tops of any place else. There are a lot of cowboys, Indians, horses, and cattle still left, but we aren't uncivilized, as many of the Western stories suggest. Cheyenne and the more southern part of the State haven't any Indians, but we do.

I am fourteen and love almost any sport, but I specialize in swimming, riding, and hiking, and most of all driving—when I get the car. I might add that I first got to drive after I showed my father that story about Pat Downing persuading her father to teach her to drive. However, here we don't need a driver's license. I hope you have more stories about Pat Downing, only this time let her get the car for herself once in a while—or does the author think she is a little young?

Janet M. Neuly

TRULY AMERICAN

OZONE PARK, NEW YORK: My June issue of THE AMERICAN GIRL arrived Saturday. I have just finished reading *A Penny for Your Thoughts*, and decided to write and tell you that what I like best in the magazine are the stories in which Lucy Ellen is featured. I hope the Lucy Ellen stories will go on and on. I take a few other magazines, but you can bet THE AMERICAN GIRL beats them all.

I am twelve, and in the seventh grade, also a Girl Scout of Troop Twenty-one. I am a Second Class Scout, and a patrol leader, and I am working on the world knowledge badge. The information that I get in THE AMERICAN GIRL helps me plenty.

I hope our magazine will always be available, as it is truly "American."

Yvonne Olivero

JOURNALISM

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND: I can't put into words how very much I enjoy reading THE

AMERICAN GIRL. I have subscribed to it for the past four years.

I like the Em Deneen and Kip O'Malley stories best of all. Will you please have some more of these stories in THE AMERICAN GIRL? Also, please have some articles on news reporters and war and foreign correspondents. I am very much interested in journalism.

My hobbies are collecting stamps and writing. I also like to go bike riding. I write to a girl in England. She is nineteen years old. In one of the letters I have received from her, she said that her town wasn't bombed much, and that not many people were injured and no one killed.

Helen Freedman

PUERTO RICO

HATO REY, PUERTO RICO: I have been following with great interest the letters about the different States of the United States. I decided to write something about Puerto Rico, as no one here seems to have done so.

Puerto Rico is not a foreign country, as so many people believe. We do not go around in grass skirts, or live in trees. I say this because I've been told by Puerto Ricans who went up to the United States that they were asked if this was true.

We dress as you do, and we have baseball, basketball, and volleyball games down here just as you do up there. About the only differences between Puerto Rico and the continental United States are that Puerto Rico was colonized much earlier than the continental United States, and we speak more Spanish than English.

We've oversubscribed to the Red Cross and to the War Bond quotas which have been set for us. We have about 140 Girl Scout troops, composed of more than 3,000 girls.

Puerto Rico is a small island about 100 miles long from east to west, and 35 miles wide from north to south. It appears as a dot on the Caribbean Sea, east of Haiti, if you look it up on a map. It is often called Porto Rico, but that is as incorrect as calling Florida Flori-die, or Nebraska, Nebraska. We have no big wild game, down here, not even in the zoos.

I live about six miles from San Juan, our capital. I go there every Wednesday to help in the Red Cross canteen, and every Saturday to help in the Red Cross offices. At both places I work as a volunteer.

Evelyn Mae Scoles

MARGARET O'BRIEN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

"Isn't that darling?" she cried, in the familiar voice that enunciates each word so clearly and yet is softened by a trace of a childhood lisp. "It's a redheaded woodpecker, isn't it?"

"Yes," I said. "A Girl Scout friend of mine carved and painted it last summer."

"We don't have redheaded woodpeckers here on the West Coast," she told me, her hazel eyes solemn. "But I've seen pictures of them. Won't you come in? Mother's in the apartment."

In the living room, dark-haired Mrs. O'Brien moved a sketch pad and a box of pencils and crayons from the couch so that we could sit down. "Margaret's always drawing. She leaves her pictures strewn all over the apartment," she sighed.

We asked Margaret what her favorite movies were. She dropped to the floor and hugged her knees. "I guess my favorite pictures are ones with horses and dogs and animals in them. *Thunderhead*, and *Lassie Come Home*, and *My Friend Flicka*. *National Velvet*, too. And Western pictures—"

"Which are your favorites among the movies you've played in?"

Margaret looked reflectively at the ceiling. "They're all my favorites, I guess. We just finished *For Our Vines Have Tender Grapes*, and it was lots of fun! A whole sound stage was fixed up to look like a farm, with trees and corn and things growing, and a pump that really pumped water. And a farmhouse and barns, with real cows and sheep and puppies and kittens and chickens and a haymow to slide in and *everything*! Butch Jenkins is my cousin in the movie and did we have fun! I'd like to live on a farm and have my own garden and lots of animals and plenty of room for everything."

"Margaret needs plenty of room," Mrs. O'Brien said. "Though I often send boxes of toys to the Children's Hospital, still her room continues to overflow. Somebody gave her a live duck not long ago, but I don't know what in the world we'll do with it in an apartment. Margaret keeps it in a box in the breakfast room, and now she's begging for one of Lassie's pups!"

"Mother promised me a collie puppy when we find a house to live in," Margaret said, her eyes shining. "Would you like to see the doll Mr. Barrymore made me?"

"Yes," we told her, and she darted off to her bedroom. As we rose and followed, Mrs. O'Brien confided, "This is the second rag doll Mr. Barrymore has given her—she has the other one in her dressing room at the studio. He paints the faces on them as a kind of hobby."

Margaret met us at the door of her bedroom with a large rag doll in her arms. It was hardly pretty, by commercial standards, as the large eyes were not exactly the same shape and the yarn hair was a bit scraggly,



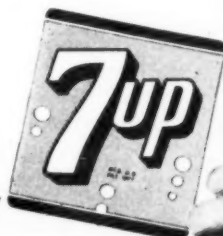
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but Margaret showed it to us with pride before she replaced it beside a huge stuffed panda.

Mrs. O'Brien indicated a stuffed dog with a nod of her head. "She called that object 'Lassie.' He is about to fall apart, but she adores him," she said as we started back to the living room. "She insists on taking him to bed with her at night, and she mauls him around in make-believe fights with Maggie."

"Maggie?"

"That's her cocker spaniel. I think Gaudalope has taken Maggie out for a walk, or Margaret would have had her in here doing tricks. She has taught Maggie to sit up, and to dance around on her hind legs. She's always dressing her up in improvised costumes, much to Maggie's disgust."

"Does Margaret like to dress up, too?"

"She certainly does," Mrs. O'Brien said. "Nothing thrills her more than a costume party, and she loves to scramble up makeshift costumes around home, and invent little plays. She likes to dramatize parts of her favorite movies, too. The morning after she saw the *Song of Bernadette* she came to the breakfast table wrapped in a sheet, holding a candle, with a faraway look in her eyes. She was quite hurt when I said, 'Good morning Margaret. Who are you today?' 'Why, I'm Bernadette—couldn't you tell?' she answered."

We had an enjoyable visit, and when we left Margaret said politely, "Good-by, I am so glad to have met you." Then her expressive hazel eyes sparkled as she added, "Guadalupe taught me how to say good-by in Spanish today. It is *basta la vista* and it really means, 'Till we meet again.' So I'll say *basta la vista* to you."

"*Hasta la vista!*" we echoed. And I knew that we would see her again—many times, I hoped—on the screen.

SPITE CANAL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

a bit. Did you know he had a son—a flier—who was wounded, and later died, in Italy? They sent the old man his Purple Heart."

Don made no comment. Jill had learned that he never talked about the war if he could help it.

They walked down the rutty drive side by side. In an attempt to banish that dark look on Don's face, Jill began to describe the other photograph that hung over Farmer Larkin's table, and his odd ambition in regard to the "club and home for elderly men."

Don's set look relaxed. "Funny old geezer," he said. "Do you suppose he meant—?" He broke off suddenly.

Jill stared at him questioningly, but he only walked on, as if he had forgotten her presence. "You have an idea," she accused him, when they had walked in silence almost to the Robin Hill gate.

"It may not amount to anything," he said. "But it—just might—" His words trailed off, and they continued up the neat driveway to the white-painted porch. Here, to her disgust, Don merely said, "Be seeing you, Jill," and swung off toward the barn.

About a week later, Don asked permission for Pete and himself to take the week end off, and go home to Manchester.

"I spoke to Ezra last night, Mrs. Howard," he added, "and he says he won't need either of us until Monday. We'd be back Monday noon, sure."

Gran said she would be glad for them to have a holiday. "Two boys never worked harder or more faithfully than Pete and yourself," she told him kindly.

"Sunday's Aunt Marty's birthday," Don said, smiling at some recollection.

Mrs. Howard approved of their remembering the birthday, and decided to send their Aunt Martha several jars of her spiced peaches if the boys wouldn't mind carrying them. She added impulsively, "Sometime you must bring your aunt back with you for a visit, Don. I'd like real well to see Marty again."

It seemed a long week end to Jill, and all Monday morning she found her eyes straying to the drive and her ears pricked for the sound of a car. But noon came and the midday dinner hour, and still no Don and Pete. Finally Gran and Jill sat down alone, both disappointed. "It's not like them to be late, if they said they'd be here at noon," Gran worried.

"No, but perhaps the train was late. Remember, it was late the day I came," Jill reminded her. Then she jumped to her feet. "Gran, I hear a car now!"

They dropped their napkins and hurried out to the porch. Sure enough, the battered village taxi was already at a standstill before the steps, and Don had just climbed out. He was helping a short, plump old lady out after him.

She was a pretty old lady, with round pink cheeks and a pleasant air of serenity. The next moment Pete was out of the taxi, too, and he and Don were proudly escorting her up the steps, one on either side.

"I declare, it's Martha Wayne!" Gran cried. "I'd know you anywhere, Marty, even with your white hair. You haven't changed a speck." And with that, the usually undemonstrative Gran gave her a hearty kiss.

"You told us to bring her along sometime," Don reminded Gran. "Was it all right?"

"Better than all right!" Gran smiled warmly, edging Pete away and taking her old friend's arm. At the top of the steps Aunt Martha stopped to gaze at the muddy ditch beyond the porch.

"So that's the famous spite canal," she said. "Well, Susie, it won't be there to offend you much longer!"

Gran and Jill both cried in startled unison, "What?"

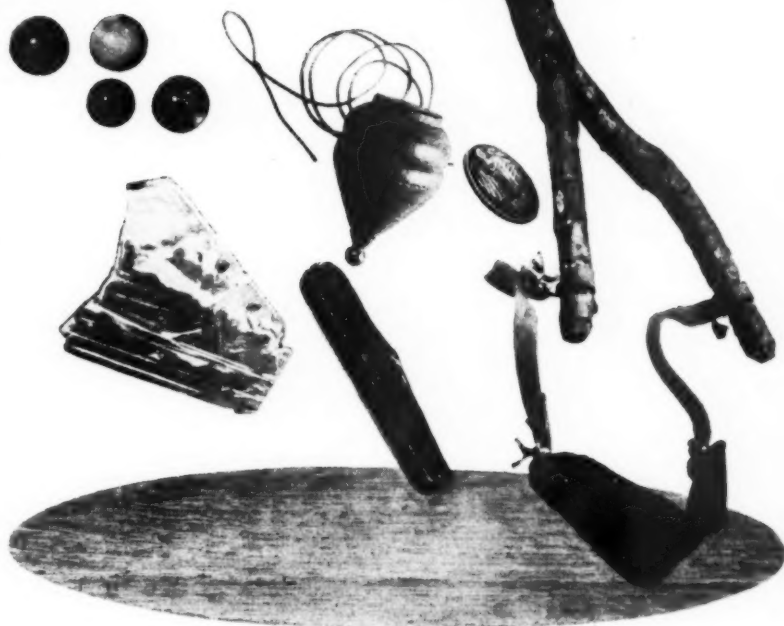
"It's quite a story, Susie," Aunt Martha said. "I'm going to let Don tell most of it, for it was his idea—his and Jill's here." She smiled at Jill approvingly. "But as it's rather long, suppose we go inside and sit down."

They went into the cool, dim sitting room and found chairs; even Gran, in the excitement of meeting Aunt Martha once more, had forgotten that dinner still stood on the table.

Don wasted no time in starting his story. "It all goes back to that afternoon Jill went over to call on old Mr. Larkin," he said.

"When she told me about it on the way home, something struck us both as queer—those two photographs on his kitchen wall, that didn't seem as if they could have any possible connection with each other. And then, all of a sudden, it hit me what that connection could be. *Could be*, but might not. I didn't want to talk about it until I had a lot more to go on. I guess Jill was kind of sore at me for that." He flashed her a grin.

When POP emptied his pockets



His boyhood treasures were maybe a slingshot, a jackknife, a shiny bit of mica — only he called it *isinglass*.

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"Oh, never mind that—go on, Don!" Jill burst out.

"Okay then, that's all right," he said, still grinning. "So, as I say, the possible explanation for every mean, spiteful act of old Larkin's all summer occurred to me. Suppose, I thought, with his only son dead and no one to leave his farm to—he was trying to make things so uncomfortable for Mrs. Howard that she would buy his place? He would want to sell it, of course, at a price that would allow him to go into that club and home he's so keen on. We had never figured on that angle."

Gran drew in her breath sharply, but nobody spoke.

"First," Don went on, "I had to find out if he'd ever offered his farm for sale to anybody but you, Mrs. Howard. Pete and I know a fellow who works in the village in Mr. Kenney's real estate office. And Johnny Burke said, yes, old Larkin had given them the property to sell early this spring. Must have been soon after his son was killed. He was asking two thousand for it, but he said he might take less."

"And he offered me three hundred for Robin Hill!" Gran put in indignantly.

"Pete and I remembered," Don continued, "that a man in Manchester, whom Uncle Joe knew, had gone into that same Bannister Foundation a few years ago, so I wrote Aunt Marty to find out for me what their entrance fee is. Because, if I was right about the rest of it, that would be the price Mr. Larkin might take for his farm. Aunt Marty dug up the information. The fee's fifteen hundred dollars."

"But who's going to buy his farm?" Gran asked. "It's good land, all right, but there's not much doing in farm sales around here."

"That's the cream of the whole story," Pete broke in mysteriously.

"I'm just getting to that," Don said. "You see, Pete and I have always felt—maybe you've heard us say it, too—that it is a shame Aunt Marty hasn't her own home. Preferably on a farm, because most of our family have been farming people from way back. Aunt Marty has a little money—her share of her father's farm, and some life insurance he left her. She would have bought a place of her own long ago, if she hadn't had to live on it alone."

"That's the truth," Aunt Martha said, a touch of wistfulness in her placid face. "Let be, now, Donny. I'm going to finish our story myself." She turned to Mrs. Howard. "Susie, these scams of nephews of mine came to me with a proposition that took my breath away at first, and ended by making me happier than I ever thought I was going to be again in this world. They offered, if I would advance the fifteen hundred to buy the Larkin farm, to settle down to farming the place for me on shares. They could still help you over here as they're doing now, and use what they earn here to help pay me back five hundred each, as their share in our partnership."

"They've been looking ahead pretty seriously for youngsters, I'll say that for them." She paused for breath, and Don took up the story again. "Pete and I both want to be farmers—and even if the war shouldn't be over by the time Pete's eighteen, he would probably be deferred as a farmer. So here was our chance

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to get settled now in permanent jobs. And it was Aunt Marty's chance to have her own home—with the three of us looking after one another. She took that chance, like the grand sport she is. We stopped in town and got Mr. Kenney to ride out with us to old Larkin's, and we made him an offer."

Gran's eyes were shining as excitedly as Jill's. "And he said—"

"Oh, of course, he fussed and held off," Pete declared, "but he wasn't fooling anyone. In the end he snatched at the offer. He wants to clear out in a week, and be off to his precious Bannister Home. It seems there's been an opening there since June that might be filled any time, and he's been getting desperate for fear he wouldn't have the money. That's what made him think up his spite canal and all the rest of it. Trying, in one way or another, to get you to buy him out, Mrs. Howard."

After they had exclaimed about old Larkin's meanness, Gran turned happily to her old friend. "So we're going to be neighbors again, Marty Wayne. It's the best news I've heard in many a year."

Aunt Martha leaned over and patted her hand. "That's one of the best things about it all, Susie. That, and that grand big kitchen over yonder. The second job these boys are going to tackle, when we get settled in, will be to paint that kitchen white, with red cupboards; and I'm going to have white pots and pans with red handles. I've dreamed of them for years!"

"What will the boys' first job be, Miss Martha?" Jill asked eagerly.

Aunt Martha chuckled. "Haven't you guessed it? Draining that muddy ditch, of course, and starting old-fashioned climbing roses up those banks. There won't be any spite canal between Susie's place and mine. Only a lot of neighborliness—and a garden."

LIMELIGHT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

but there was a sort of it-could-be-true feeling in her tone, too.

The bell rang. The girls seemed to come to life again as they cleared up the tables. Several went out of their way to talk to Ann, as if nothing had happened. But Ann's thoughts went whirling. It wasn't how the girls acted; it was what they *believed*. If she just hadn't gone at things so fast!

The rest of the class began to drift in, Dorie among them. Almost everybody, instead of sitting down immediately, moved about examining the articles the arts and crafts girls had made, apparently impressed by the appearance of the exhibits.

But there was something else, too. Ann could feel the swish of undercover relaying of what had happened, as the arts and crafts girls mingled with those who hadn't yet heard how Dorie had openly accused Ann of seeking personal glory.

"Let's sit over here," said Gwen, going over two tables, obviously to keep Ann from having to face Dorie while she put away her belt and carving tools.

Gratefully, Ann followed. Gwen must believe in her, after all.

Finally Willard stationed himself at Miss Griswold's desk, and Dorie, with her secre-



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